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MEMOIRS

OF THE LATE

MISS LUCY RICHARDS,

OF PARIS, ONEIDA COUNTY, N. Y.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

EDITED BY ANOTHER HAND.

REVISED BY THE EDITOR.

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

The subject of this little volume was extensively known as a woman of deep and ardent piety. Scores of itinerant preachers, who, in the regular discharge of their official duties, visited the place of her residence, will doubtless cherish a pleasing recollection of her while memory lasts; and not a few, it is confidently believed, have already joined her happy spirit in the lofty employments of the heavenly temple. The savour of her name is still as precious ointment to a large circle, who had the pleasure and profit of a long and intimate acquaintance with her.

She was indeed a bright and shining light. Though no one would think of claiming for her an exemption from the common frailties of humanity, yet those who knew her the most intimately, will doubtless concede to her uncommon Christian attainments. She not only professed, but practically exemplified, the great blessing of "perfect love." Her *all* was laid on God's altar at an early day, nor did she ever afterward think of resuming the gift. During the whole course of her pilgrimage, after she became a disciple of the Saviour, she continued to walk by the same rule, and to mind the same

thing. In her character there was a beautiful and attractive consistency, exhibiting the fruits of the Spirit in all their supreme loveliness. With the most unshrinking fidelity she bore her daily cross, and conscientiously discharged every duty. Of her Christian character in general, however, the intelligent reader can hardly fail to form a tolerably correct opinion from the following pages.

Miss Richards was evidently no bigot. The remark is made here, lest an unfavourable inference should be drawn from what she says at an early period in her history respecting other denominations, of whose doings she complains in strong terms. It should be remembered, however, that that was not the age of catholicity. The adherents of Methodism were then, not unfrequently, regarded and treated as the filth and offscouring of the earth. A brighter day has since dawned on the church, and a more lovely spirit has been infused into the bosoms of her members. That sister R. rejoiced to see the dawn of this day is rendered abundantly evident from the frequent and tender allusions which she subsequently makes to those denominations.

The editor thinks it proper to say, that he does not hold himself responsible for the correctness of every sentiment found in the memoir. As to the divine directions with which the pious author believed herself to be favoured in dreams, or by powerful applications of certain passages of Scripture, in cases of per-

plexity and doubt, and as to her minute and confident explanations of the designs of Providence in certain events which happened to her, they are before the reader, who will peruse the details with that caution and candour due to matters of so grave a character. It is not impossible but that Miss Richards sometimes indulged impressions of this kind further than a strict regard to the sacred volume would exactly warrant. At the same time, obstinate incredulity on such subjects is not less bigoted and unreasonable than an indiscriminating faith. The opposite error of that into which some may think sister R. was occasionally betrayed,—we mean the error of those who entirely overlook the providence of God,—is more common, and, we may add, altogether more pernicious.

The papers of Miss Richards were put into the hands of the editor some time since, accompanied with a request that he would prepare them for publication. A very cursory examination convinced him, however, that this could not be done without a thorough revision; such a revision as could be effected only by an entire transcription. For though the author wrote a rather beautiful hand, and though her orthography was remarkably accurate, yet she was evidently not in the habit of writing for the press. Besides, we are informed by her friends, it was her intention, had she lived and acquired sufficient strength to do it, to transcribe and thoroughly correct her manuscript; so that it

might be in a more suitable state for publication. But, as she was never able to do this, the work has fallen into other hands. Of the manner in which the task has been executed it may be sufficient to say, that, though many verbal alterations, a few retrenchments, and some additions, have been made, the *sense* has been scrupulously retained, and, as far as grammatical accuracy would permit, the simplicity of language and peculiarity of style.

If the editor is allowed to judge of the influence which the perusal of this narrative is adapted to exert on the feelings of others from the effect which it has had on his own, he cannot doubt that the best interests of religion will be materially promoted by the publication of this little book.

A brief note has been occasionally added by the editor.

Paris, July 12, 1841.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE no other apology to offer for writing the following, than a sense of duty and a desire to be useful. It was not till some time after I experienced religion that I felt impressed to write the exercises of my mind, which I at first did simply for my own benefit; and seldom did I raise my pen without feeling, more or less, the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit.

At length I felt it to be my duty to furnish something like a history of my religious experience for the benefit of others: but, as I could see nothing remarkable in it, I soon reasoned myself out of the propriety of making the attempt. I remember, however, of thinking that were I placed in a situation favourable to retirement, and had I leisure, I might possibly make the effort. And now God, in his providence, by afflicting me, has brought me into those very circumstances.

Still I have had various reasonings on the subject, and the Lord only knows the trials through which I have passed, and the tears I have shed, on account of it. When I have thought of writing, my mind has been fruitful, and past occurrences, which I had not thought of for years, have been as fresh in my remembrance as if they had but just taken place. On

the other hand, when I have thought of declining the task, both body and mind have been afflicted; and I could get no relief till I resolved to proceed.

Such as it is, and imperfect as was its author, the manuscript is left in the hands of my friends, and to the disposal of Providence; and should what I have written be a source of consolation to the afflicted, when I am no more; or should it strengthen the faith of any one, or in the least aid him in the pursuit of heaven, I shall be amply compensated for the tears I have shed, and the labour I have bestowed.

LUCY RICHARDS.

Paris, N. Y., April 17, 1837.

MEMOIR

OF

MISS LUCY RICHARDS.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND EARLY HISTORY.

I was born in Paris, Oneida county, N. Y., October 3, 1792. My father was born in Watertown, and my mother in Middlebury, Connecticut. They resided in the former place about a year and a half after their marriage, when they removed to Oblong, and continued there not far from three years. From thence they removed to Schodack, and, after residing there about the same length of time, to the place of my birth.

When they removed to this place they had had two sons, Orris and John, and one daughter. The daughter died in infancy, and the eldest son when about four years old. I have heard my mother say, that, when he was sick and lying upon her lap, he wished to go to his father, who was then asleep: but she desired him to lie still a short time, telling him he should then go: he raised his little arms, clasped them around her neck, gave her a kiss, and

then expired! My parents have since had six daughters, of whom I was the eldest, and two sons. Two of the daughters died in infancy.

I have often heard my father remark, that he was awakened to a sense of his lost state the last day of March, 1789, under the preaching of the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson; and that, in the April following he found peace to his soul. But as there was no Methodist society in the neighbourhood, he gave his name to Mr. Garrettson. My mother was awakened and converted a year or two afterward, under the preaching of the Rev. Benjamin Abbot; so that, in the early part of their lives, they devoted themselves, their family, and their substance, to the work and service of the Lord: and their house has ever since been open to receive the heralds of the cross.

The first thing I can remember of a religious nature is, that when I was three or four years old a Methodist preacher came to my father's: my mother told me he was going to pray, that I must kneel down, lay my head in the little chair, keep still, and hear what he said. I did so, and got much praise for it; and this probably is the reason of my remembering it so distinctly. After this I was much pleased when the preachers came, as they used to talk to me, and tell me many such things as my little mind was capable of comprehending; making it their uniform practice to shake hands with me when they went away. However, one came who said nothing to me, and when he left did not offer

to shake hands with me, at which I was much grieved, and began to weep. My mother observed it, and, after ascertaining the cause, took me by the hand, led me out to the preacher, who was about mounting his horse, and told him what I had said. Accordingly he shook hands with me, and said I must be a good girl. I then went into the house satisfied. I was early taught to say the Lord's Prayer, the Methodist Catechism, and several hymns, which I repeated with great delight. When in my seventh year my father sold his farm, and bought another within half a mile of a schoolhouse, where there was a small society of Methodists. Here my father was a class leader; and well do I remember his teaching what is now called a Sunday school; for my mind was often so seriously impressed when in it, that I could not refrain from weeping. In one instance, so general was the feeling, it was thought best to go into the house of Mr. W., and hold a prayer meeting, where we cried aloud for mercy. The feeling was, however, of short duration, and produced no lasting effect. About this time my father received license as a local preacher, and as he was obliged to be frequently absent from home on the sabbath, and as no one was willing to take his place as teacher, the school was discontinued.

As we now lived nearer to neighbours than formerly, I had a better opportunity to learn many foolish and hurtful habits. Besides, I soon found I had been kept stricter, and more closely at work

than others; for besides winding a great many quills for my mother, (she being a weaver,) I had spun upward of ninety runs of yarn before I was seven years and a half old. Of course I could not have so much time for play and amusement as most other children, which circumstance made me uneasy and fretful. My parents, however, were conscientious in their treatment of me, and I shall always have occasion to bless God for their fidelity.

When I was between eight and nine years of age, a Mr. M. taught our district school, and as he was a professor of religion, he prayed at the close of school every day. To guard against a breach of order during this solemn exercise he appointed a watch, whose duty it was to report to him after prayers. All whispering was forbidden; but as we were standing before a window, a girl named L. saw my brother coming in a sleigh and said, "Now we can ride." I replied, "So we can;" but immediately recollecting I was not to go home till after we had spoken our pieces in the evening, said, "No; I am going to stay." After prayer we were reported; and then questioned by the teacher, that he might know who whispered first. The watch said, "Lucy;" but this I denied, as did also L. Mr. M. deferred the matter till just at evening, then came to me with the watch, and, after sending the rest of the scholars out of the house, asked him if he saw me whisper first? He said he did. He then told him he might leave, as he wanted nothing

further of him; and, taking me by the hand, feruled me severely; after which he asked me if I would not own I whispered first? I told him I did not, and should never say I did. He then repeated his blows in a most cruel manner, saying it was a very wicked thing to tell a lie. I told him I knew it. "But," said he, "you have told one; and I shall punish you till you own it." I replied, "*I never shall.*" He continued his blows till my shrieks and groans alarmed the scholars in the house across the way, so that they ran and looked in at the window. This led him to desist, at the same time saying, he was afraid I meant to tell a lie. Thus I escaped further punishment. Some of the scholars were so much exasperated, that they advised me to leave the school; but this I did not wish to do, as I never thought that either the teacher or watch had any ill will toward me. Probably the latter was not looking toward us when the conversation commenced; and it would be natural for the teacher to put confidence in a young man rather than in a child. Self-willed and wicked as I was, in other respects, such was my fear of telling a lie that I should not have dared to tell one on any account.

At the time appointed Mr. M. had his exhibition in a large new house, belonging to a Mr. S. We had not been there long before I was taken into the dressing-room, where some of the ladies were employed in powdering and dressing the heads of those who were to appear

on the stage; but I told them I did not wish to have my head fixed in that manner, for my parents would not like it. They asked, if they were to be present? if not, I could comb it out, and they would never know it. So I consented. After we had done exhibiting, the young people spent some time in dancing. This was a new diversion to me; for I had never heard a violin or seen dancing before. Thus, in violation of parental authority, was I led astray from the paths of piety. Well would it have been for me had I heeded the admonition of the wise man, "If sinners entice thee consent thou not."

Some time after this I heard a funeral discourse preached on the death of a child, from 2 Kings iv, 26: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well." The preacher had commenced his sermon when I got there, but my mind was so deeply affected by it that I did not soon lose the impression. I then thought I should not be disobedient to my parents, or dare to sin any more; for I thought that had I died instead of this child, my parents could not in truth say, "It is well with the child." When I returned home I asked my father where the text could be found, and, although he was not there, he told me in "Kings." I searched till I found it, and read the whole chapter with deep attention.

But I was again drawn into sin. When in my fourteenth year I received an invitation to

a quilting at uncle T. W.'s. My mother, ever anxious for my welfare, charged me not to stay in the evening. We had not been there long before we found that all the company, except my sister P. and myself, were calculating to stay; and when it was ascertained we were not, we were called "superstitious." This, however, was not our fault; for we felt as strong an inclination to stay as perhaps any one; but thought it best to obey our parents, until some one told aunt W., who said to us that we *should* stay, and that *she* would bear the blame. She said also, that my parents were once as fond of going to such places as others, and wondered if they thought that they could bring up a family of children without letting them go into company;—said that to keep them from such places made them a great deal worse, and that they would never know how to behave in company. I now thought it would be a fine thing to stay, and felt greatly prejudiced against my parents for being so strict with their children. Thus were we betrayed into disobedience to our parents, and into sin against God.

The winter following my cousins prevailed on me to learn to dance; and, as our new school-teacher was very fond of this sinful amusement, he spared no pains, during the time of intermission, to instruct us in it. But when my parents and some others became acquainted with the fact, proceedings came to a speedy termination. I was now much encouraged by others to disobey my parents; but needed little,

so strong was my inclination after worldly pleasure. Still I had almost every thing to mortify my feelings, especially in reference to dress; for my parents would allow me to wear scarcely any thing superfluous, or, at least, would purchase no merely ornamental article for me. In this, I am now persuaded, they were perfectly right.

When in my fifteenth year I spent a few weeks with uncle J. S., whose residence was six or seven miles from my father's. There was a Methodist in his employ, Mr. M'B., who was then a zealous Christian, and who had a short time before become acquainted with my father. One evening he came into the room where my aunt and myself were sitting, and, laying his hand on my head, said with singular solemnity,—"Well, Lucy, have you no religion yet, when you have so good a father, who has so long prayed for you?" I replied "No; nor do I want any!" Aunt soon joined with me, and in great apparent sorrow he left the room. Had he asked me if I were willing to die without religion, I must have answered in the negative; for I knew to die without it would be the ruin of my soul for ever. But death seemed at a great distance; and I thought, as too many do, that there was time enough yet. Alas, what a fatal delusion! It has undoubtedly destroyed its thousands; and I have reason to adore the riches of divine mercy in showing me my mistake.

Soon after I came home I was invited to a

quilting at Mr. A. H.'s; and as nothing had been said to me about returning, I stayed during the dance; feeling much less compunction than I probably otherwise should have done. But there is no peace to the wicked. In the midst of all my sinful amusements I was extremely unhappy. One day when I had been on a visit, and returned just at evening, I saw as I entered the door a grave-looking gentleman sitting by the fireside, conversing with my father, whom I took to be a preacher; and judging it probable I should get a reproof, thought I would go into my room and lay off my ornaments before he discovered them. But just as I reached the door he espied me, and asked my father if I were his daughter? My father called me to him, and I was introduced to the Rev. Ebenezer White;* who, taking me

* Emphatically one of "our fathers." Like most who entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church in his day, he had few early advantages: and being "thrust out" into the itinerant field, after he became the head of a family, his mental training was chiefly in his own hands. But he was deeply read in Christian experience, and had the rare talent of finding his way immediately to the hearts of his auditors. Mild and affectionate, he seldom gave offence; ardent and courageous, he never willingly left the sinner asleep in his sins. Few men of those early times were heard with more general satisfaction, or to more general profit. He was always preaching, speaking to the children in the family, or saying a kind word to those he met by the way; and everywhere doing his utmost to promote the cause of Christ. Though I have often heard him spoken of, I never heard a single word to his disadvantage. The eyes of our elder members kindle

by the hand, said, "Don't you know you should always speak to, and shake hands with, the preachers?" He also gave me a gentle reproof, with which I was much disgusted. As Mr. White frequently put up at my father's, he made it almost a uniform practice, after he had inquired respecting the health of the family, to question each member of it touching his or her spiritual state, insomuch that I hated the very sight of him, and others, who would give me reproof; so far from God and goodness had I wandered! But wicked as I was, I often felt the strivings of the Holy Spirit. When my friends affectionately entreated me to attend to the concerns of my soul, I could not refrain from weeping; and then I would feel so ashamed that I could wish there were no such people on earth as Methodists, or that they would say nothing to me.

As my parents had never had any of their children baptized, they now thought it their duty to dedicate four of the younger to God in this ordinance, leaving the three older ones to their own sense of duty. We refused, thinking it a very wicked thing to receive such an ordinance with unrenewed hearts. That man of God, the Rev. Ebenezer White, was the administrator; and though the services were conducted with the greatest solemnity, I remained

when they refer to him, and every tongue is eloquent in his praise. "He had a good report of all men, and of the truth itself." About thirty years since he joined the venerable dead.—Ed.

unaffected. So hardened, indeed, had I now become, that I despised and ridiculed the people of God, would hearken to none of their reproofs, and disregarded all their counsels; even refusing to kneel during family devotions! O, my long-suffering God! May I never forget the goodness that spared such a rebel as me!

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSION—ATTENDING AND FOLLOWING CIRCUMSTANCES.

In the month of June, 1809, my parents and sister P. attended a camp meeting in Deerfield, Herkimer county.* When they returned and gave me an account of the meeting, I told them there was no occasion of spending so much time, and being at so much expense to worship God, when there were meeting houses enough and near at hand. Yet I felt a desire to behold the novelty of such a scene, and resolved if one were appointed at Westmoreland, in September, as was then contemplated, I would attend. My mother said she wished I had been with them, as it might possibly have done me some good; remarking, that several were awakened and converted there, who went as

* It was at this meeting that the Rev. John Dempster, the missionary to Buenos Ayres, South America, was converted to God.—Ed.

careless and unconcerned as I then appeared to be. She mentioned two young persons in particular, who went from Litchfield. One Miss M., a gay young lady, was powerfully awakened soon after she went on the ground; and never rested till she knew her sins forgiven. The other, Mr. Kent, a cousin of hers, was much displeased with her, and told her she should never take any more comfort while she remained at his father's house; and was so exasperated that he would scarcely be seen in the tent long enough to sleep or get refreshment. But God soon brought down his lofty spirit; so that, in the agony of his feelings, he cried aloud for mercy, and desired the prayers of those around him. Nor did he seek in vain; for he soon found delivering grace. He joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, became a useful member, and has for several years been faithfully employed as an itinerant preacher.

Soon after her conversion, Miss M. came to our house. I found her to be a very amiable young woman; and when alone with her, I asked her many questions, and conversed freely with her on the subject of religion. Yet I would not be persuaded by her to set about the all-important work of repentance and reformation; for I loved pleasure, and was resolved on seeking it.

One sabbath morning in the latter part of the month of August, as I was sweeping the floor, my mother said, "Parma and Maria" (deacon B.'s daughters) "have experienced religion or

are under concern of mind." I was literally amazed. As soon as I recovered my recollection I replied, "I don't believe it; for I saw them two or three Sundays ago, and they were then as lively as I was." She said, "That might be, and they be serious now." My father added, "If you go to hear Mr. Steel to-day, I hope you will try to profit by what you hear." I went and took a seat in the gallery. Parma sat below in her father's pew, and I shall never forget the solemnity that was depicted in her countenance. Maria sat in the gallery, and listened as for life to every word that fell from the speaker's lips. During the intermission we went to Mr. A.'s. P. and M. laid off their hats, took their Bible, selected a few friends, and retired to the chamber. During the afternoon service I could not help reflecting on what I had seen and heard, and was somewhat affected. At five o'clock I went with my brother and several other young persons to Sangersfield, and, under the pretence of attending meeting there, went to see an uncommonly large child!*

* It has occurred to the editor, that some of his young readers may be curious to know something further respecting this "large child." Mr. Ichabod Fisher, formerly of Sangersfield, Oneida county, N. Y., had two children, Willard and Lucy, both of whom were very large. It is not certain which of them is intended in the text. At the same age, we are informed, they were nearly of the same size. About twenty-five years since the editor saw Willard in the streets of Utica. He was then between four and five years old, and was said to weigh nearly two hundred pounds! Respecting the fate of this *great-little* boy

However, after we had satisfied our curiosi ty, we did go to meeting. After we had been there a short time, a young lady arose, and in a most feeling way invited the young people to seek religion. This affected us much, and we left the meeting talking on religious subjects; but, strange to say, before we got home we began to compliment each other; which was a fatal stab to my seriousness, and I was soon more hardened than ever!

On the succeeding Saturday my father went

it is difficult to obtain any satisfactory information. He emigrated to the "far west," some years since. Report says he is still alive, but that he is not so large a man as might have been anticipated from his precocious growth.

The history of poor Lucy is a most painful one. Being so very large, she excited a great deal of curiosity. Availing themselves of this circumstance, her friends, very improperly we should think, carried her about as a public show! Among other places to which she was taken her friends carried her to the city of New-York. While there, her attendants left her alone in an upper room, intending to return in a few minutes. When they did so, they found her clothes had taken fire during their absence, and were almost entirely burned from her person. She suffered a few hours, and was then taken to a world of spirits.

The editor is too little acquainted with physiology to indulge himself in any speculations as to the *cause* of such overgrown bodies as those which these poor children were obliged to carry about. Perhaps, indeed, the case involves an insolvable mystery. Be this, however, as it may, all may learn from it a lesson of humiliation and gratitude. Who hath made *us* to differ? We are neither dwarfs nor monsters. We are neither so much like other human beings as to be confounded with them, nor so diverse from them as to attract the public gaze. May we praise thee, O thou adorable Creator!—Ed.

to one of the neighbours; and when he returned, said to me, "A. thinks she has a soul, and feels deeply concerned to know what will become of it: you have one too, and ought to be as much concerned as she is." This, with much more that he said, alarmed my guilty conscience: but I was determined that no one should know it. The next day I told an intimate friend I was going to sit alone, and hear Mr. Steel preach. She desired to sit with me, but I refused, and took a seat in the gallery near the pulpit. Some of the time I heard with deep attention, and when I looked at those who were serious I could not refrain from weeping. But fearing lest I should be discovered, I would occasionally look at my gay companions with a smile, and was glad when the exercises closed. Prayer and conference meetings were soon established in different parts of the town, and the multitudes that attended evinced the deep anxiety of the people to save their precious souls.

The next sabbath Mr. White preached at Mr. Cooley's barn. The preceding evening Mr. M'Bride—the very individual I had told I did not want religion—came to our house, and asked me if I would go and hear Mr. White preach? I told him I would, but that I must first go to the morning prayer meeting with N., agreeably to promise. But, to my great surprise, the latter told me she had concluded not to go. Relieved from this promise, I went immediately to Mr. White's appointment; but

fearing I should meet some one—so great was the cross of going to Methodist meeting—I got over the fence, and walked through the fields! After sermon the preacher and Esquire H. gave me a few words of good advice respecting the time and way to seek religion. In the afternoon they held a prayer meeting, at which Mr. D. said, if there were any present who desired salvation, and would kneel down, he would pray for them. Accordingly I knelt with some others; but was soon so ashamed that I had a strong inclination to get up again. O, the uneasiness I felt! and glad was I when the meeting ended.

In the evening Mr. White preached at Mr. B. C.'s, on "Behold I stand at the door and knock," &c. Every word seemed to penetrate my inmost soul, and the great deep of my heart was measurably broken up. *I felt my own* depravity, and so deeply realized the evil nature of sin that I resolved to abandon it. After sermon Mr. White gave an invitation to any who desired an interest in his prayers to come forward. But as no one particularly asked me to go forward, and as I had not confidence to go alone, I asked Miss C. to step out of doors with me, and then burst into a flood of tears. She asked me if I wished to go forward for prayers, and said she would go with me. Accordingly I went, and there were many fervent petitions addressed to the throne of grace on my behalf. But unbelief prevailed; I thought I was too great a sinner to find mercy *now*, but

that, if I earnestly sought, perhaps I might find deliverance at some future day. As might be expected, I returned with a heavy heart. I attended the meetings almost daily; but, while many were made to rejoice in a sin-pardoning God, I was left to mourn. I now felt it my duty to kneel in family prayer; but I had been so stubborn, and the cross was so great, I did not take it up till my father introduced the subject. What a blessing to have praying parents! On Saturday evening the meeting was held at our house. As I had not seen my friend N. for some time, we walked out together, when I told her I was fully resolved to seek religion, and asked her what she meant to do. "O," said she, "I will seek it too!" We went into the house, and many of us spent the evening in crying for mercy, but found no relief. The Rev. James Kelsey,* then on our circuit, on leaving

* Now one of the venerable dead. For more than thirty-five years he was a member of the travelling connection, during which time he laboured chiefly in Middle and Western New-York. Long will he be remembered as a zealous and devoted minister of the Lord Jesus. His preaching was doctrinal, experimental, and practical; and though he sometimes gave offence by the poignancy of his thrusts at what he conceived to be fundamental error, he was generally heard with great satisfaction and profit. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, were led to Christ by his powerful and heart-searching ministry, and not a few societies, now large and flourishing, were formed under his immediate supervision. He continued to hold an effective relation to his conference up to the last year of his life; so that it may be almost literally said,

"He ceased at once to work and live."—Ed.

my father's house, said, "Farewell, brother Richards, you *shall* see your children converted to God." After this, when I was tempted to think I should not find mercy, I would think of what Mr. Kelsey said, and, in view of *his* faith, take courage.

In consequence of a thunder storm, which occurred at the time of our prayer meeting on Sunday evening, many stayed all night. After retiring to our private room, we began to converse on the goodness of God in sparing our lives and bringing us to see our lost state, though none of us had found forgiveness. One of the company (Deacon H.'s daughter J.) said, she had no doubt but there was mercy for all of us, except herself. I told her I believed Christ had died for all, and that, if we all truly repented, he would have mercy upon all: for the promise is, "if we seek, we shall find." She replied, "It will do no good for *me* to seek." A few days after, as I was returning from a conference meeting, one told me that J. had obtained a hope. It was instantly suggested by the tempter, "You may as well give up; you have been long seeking, and are none the better; others have sought and found, but for you there is no hope!" O, the distress of soul which I now felt! Yet I did not wholly yield to these temptations; for I thought the reason why I did not find was, I had been a greater sinner than others. I went home, retired to my room, and with strong crying and tears besought the Lord to have mercy on my soul;

and was encouraged to hope the time was not distant when I should find salvation. Indeed, I told one I believed I should experience religion at the approaching camp meeting.

The memorable day at length arrived, September 21, 1809. When we came upon the ground, Elder Vanest met my father, and, pointing to myself and sister P., asked if we were his daughters. Ascertaining that we were, he came to us and desired to know whether we had come to seek religion. I told him we had. He said we must give up the world, with all its pomps and vanities, and especially that we must give up our hearts to God. He also made several other remarks, which led us to deep searchings of heart, by which I saw something of the depravity that reigned within,—pride, obstinacy, unbelief, the love of the world, &c., &c. The evening exercises commenced with prayer at the stand, after which an appropriate discourse was delivered, and an invitation given to all who desired to be made the special subjects of prayer to come to the altar. Though several found pardoning mercy, I returned to the tent disconsolate. On Friday my distress and anxiety greatly increased, so that, at times, I could not refrain from crying aloud for mercy; nor could I even walk without being supported by my friends. I confessed my sins, and mourned over my depravity. The world appeared to me an empty void, and I felt that nothing but true religion could satisfy my longing desires. For this, therefore, I was willing to

sacrifice every thing. And now the enemy renewed his assault. It was suggested, if I forsook the world I should lose my good name, should have but few friends, and be obliged to lead a melancholy life. The contest was sharp and painful in the extreme, and none but those who have passed through similar exercises can realize what I felt. I heard every sermon with deep attention, and entered the prayer circles with an earnest desire to find salvation; but all, apparently, to no purpose. Yet some of my Christian friends still encouraged me to look to God, assuring me that with him there was plenteous redemption.

In the evening I again tremblingly approached the altar, and resolved, if mercy were to be found by so vile a sinner, never to leave it till God had spoken peace to my soul. Some of the more devoted, among both preachers and private members, continued their intercessions for nearly three hours, when I believe nearly every penitent that came forward was divinely comforted, except myself. They then arose and united their cheerful voices in singing the praises of the Most High; while I continued in the same posture, without experiencing the least mitigation of mental anguish. I now thought, what shall I do? To arise I have no disposition. And yet both preachers and people have prayed till they are weary. *They* are happy, but *I* am miserable. Must I remain so for ever, and perish without hope? Surely, "the sorrows of death compassed me, and the

pains of hell gat hold on me." In this my extremity I felt a willingness to give up every thing—my gay companions, my worldly honours, my sinful pleasures; and, seeing the justice of God in my condemnation, had no other plea to make save that grounded in the atonement of the precious Saviour. I pleaded for mercy, and cried, "'Lord, save, or I perish!' But if I perish, I perish at thy feet. To thee I give up all—soul, body, and spirit." The God of love was pleased for Christ's sake to accept the offering, and soon my soul was filled with peace. Just at this instant one who had been deeply interested in my case, asked me if I did not wish to rise and sing? I answered in the affirmative; when she said, "Bless the Lord, Lucy is converted;" and, in accordance with my request, began to sing,

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven," &c.

Several joined the harmonious song; some shouted for joy; and others expressed their grateful emotions by the silent eloquence of tears. What a memorable hour! O, to be raised from such a depth of sin and misery into the favour and image of God, and into the fellowship of his saints! The transition was indeed indescribable; the joy unspeakable. It now appeared to me that I had ten friends, where before I had only one; and the very persons I had so much despised appeared the most amiable and lovely. Every object around

me wore a different aspect. Even the lighted candles, and the fires burning from their lofty stages, seemed to reflect the glory of Him who dwelt in the bush. When I looked upward and saw the forest trees waving in the gentle breezes of the evening, and the stars glistering in the blue vault of the skies, they seemed to take part with me in adoring the great Creator. We now retired to our tents, and my father, having heard of the change, questioned me as to my feelings. I barely told him that I felt very differently from what I ever did before; but I said but little, choosing rather to "ponder these things in my heart." The next morning I arose much refreshed in body, and found

"My kind Preserver still was near."

It was one of the finest mornings I had ever beheld. All nature appeared cheerful; my burden of sin was removed; and the very birds of the grove appeared to add to my felicity, while, in their softest strains, they hymned the praises of my redeeming God.

These feelings were, however, like the morning cloud and early dew, of short duration. Soon after, I was passing across the ground when I heard one say, "There goes a young convert; she experienced religion last night." It was immediately suggested, How does he know that? he knows nothing respecting it, and should have said nothing. I then began to compare my feelings with what they once were, and concluded the remark *might* be true. It

was again suggested, If you have obtained religion, why do you not clap your hands, shout, and express yourself as strongly as such and such late converts? Now these you cannot do, and yet you think you have religion. In this you are deceiving yourself and others. My perplexity was great; when several females were collecting for prayer meeting, and desired me to join them. They offered up many prayers, giving thanks for what had been done since the meeting commenced, and especially what had been done for my soul. My heart melted into the tenderest emotions of gratitude in view of God's loving kindness; though I was soon again assaulted with temptations similar to those just described. In the midst of these the signal was given for preaching, and we immediately joined the congregation. Here my mind sunk. Not knowing the wiles of the enemy, nor being able to discern between "darkness" and "heaviness through manifold temptations," —a distinction which Mr. Wesley in one of his sermons clearly points out,—I gave up my hope in Christ, but not my desire for salvation; for I was fully determined never to rest satisfied without a knowledge of sins forgiven. My Christian friends, observing my distress, endeavoured to comfort me by assuring me that what I felt was only the effect of temptation, and that if I continued to pray I should soon find deliverance. But it was much easier to believe the tempter than the testimony of Christian experience, and therefore I refused to be

comforted. Thus I went mourning, being in greater distress than I had ever been before, till evening; when I again approached the altar, desiring the prayers of the righteous. I had not been there long before Mr. B., a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost, came to me and said, "Child, what do you want?" I replied, "Religion." He said, "Did you not experience religion last night?" I told him I then thought so, but was now afraid I was deceived. "No," said he, "you were not. You are now labouring under strong temptations: only believe, and you will again rejoice in the smiles of God." We had conversed only a few minutes before the cloud broke, the tempter fled, and I was again filled with all peace and joy in believing. Since then, now somewhat more than fifteen years, I have never doubted the genuineness of the work.

The next day several of our acquaintance and friends came to the meeting, though not as many as we expected; for some of our Presbyterian neighbours had taken pains in our absence to prejudice their minds against the Methodists, and particularly against camp meetings. The consequence was, they lost their convictions; though these zealous partizans appeared much less concerned for them now than they did when they were earnestly seeking salvation among the Methodists! Many of those who came were under the necessity of returning the same day, but manifested much regret at leaving the place without experiencing

justifying grace. During the remaining part of the meeting the work of God progressed powerfully; so that it was judged that not less than fifty souls were born of the Spirit; while many returned home earnestly inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?"

CHAPTER III.

BECOMES A MEMBER OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH—HER UNSHRINKING FIDELITY.

The next sabbath after the close of the camp meeting I attended worship at the Sauquoit church, where the sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered, in which I felt it both a duty and a privilege to participate. The ordinance was rendered a great blessing to me, and my faith and hope were so strengthened and increased, that I could most sincerely say, "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." At the five o'clock prayer meeting, held at my father's, I was sorely tempted not to kneel in prayer, being surrounded with my former gay companions; but I resisted the temptation, and found that the cross and the blessing are inseparably connected. God was with us.

Not long after this I was accosted by deacon —— with, "Well, Lucy, would you love God were he to send you to hell?" I told him I did not think he would send me there, if I lived

in obedience to his commands; for he assures us that he has no pleasure in the death of him that dieth. He said but little more, and what he did say was like salt without savour—poor food indeed for a young convert. The leading members of that communion now became very zealous in advocating their peculiar tenets in the hearing of the young converts, and made the most indefatigable exertions to induce them to join their church, and to leave off going to Methodist meetings. At this they were much grieved, for they were greatly profited in attending these meetings, and did not wish to be bound. Finding they could not in this way succeed, they went again to the young converts and made a sort of confession, telling them they might have the privilege of attending other meetings; and so they consented to join them. Of the fruits of this revival more than fifty became members of their church. Though I frequently attended their meetings, I could by no means approve of the doctrines which I there heard; except a few sermons delivered in the first of the revival, when salvation was freely offered to all. Usually their pulpit spoke a very different language. And I could not see how it was at all compatible with sound reason, or even common sense, to suppose that Christ made an atonement for all, and yet unchangeably and eternally designed to save but a very few; and the more I compared this baneful doctrine with the word of God the more inconsistent it appeared. Though many were awak-

ened and converted at my father's house, not a single individual chose the same communion with myself. This, however, by no means discouraged me from doing what I conceived to be a solemn duty. Accordingly, October 20, 1809, being seventeen years and seventeen days old, I went to Mr. C.'s, received baptism at the hand of the Rev. Ebenezer White, and became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nor have I at any time since regretted the step I then took. On the contrary, I have blessed God scores of times, and shall probably be thankful for ever for the choice which I was then enabled to make.

It was now said, by my late gay companions, that if they took no notice at all of me, I would be glad to join their company again: but in this they soon found themselves mistaken, and adopted a different policy. Pursuant to their new method of treatment, I was invited some time after to a quilting. I asked the girl who brought the invitation, whether they designed to invite a large company; for if so, I did not choose to attend. She replied in the negative. But to my great surprise, when I went, I found more than could be seated round two quilts! I soon comprehended the stratagem, and cried to God, from the very bottom of my heart, to keep me from dishonouring his cause. We were seated in the very ball chamber, where, at a former period, I had anticipated so much pleasure; but the Lord gave me a watchful spirit and a praying frame, so that I was enabled to con-

verse freely with my young friends on the subject of religion. When I came away, which was at an early hour, the very person who was instrumental in getting me there was in a flood of tears, and, had she been permitted to do so, would have gladly gone with me to a meeting which had been appointed for that evening. On leaving I felt like a bird that had escaped from the snare of the fowler.

I will give another instance. My eldest brother gave me an invitation to visit with him at the same place; but I mistrusted his design, and refused to go. I afterward found my suspicions were well grounded. He manifested much displeasure, and never after, to my recollection, asked me to visit with him. I now had to bear the imputation of "superstitiousness," and had many grievous things said to me; but the religion of Christ outweighed them all, while I was enabled to rejoice that I was counted worthy to suffer reproach because I trusted in the living God. I felt a strong affection for my relatives who were out of Christ, and earnestly desired their salvation; but I felt a still greater nearness to the people of God. Those who are truly one in Christ are united by ties that "nature and time can't dissolve."

When I was eighteen years of age, deeming it my duty to pay still further attention to the cultivation of my mind, I went to school at Sauquoit Creek, and boarded with brother Elijah Davis. Here I enjoyed every desirable religious advantage. There was a large society

in the place, and many of its members not only enjoyed daily communion with God, but were contending earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION was their practical motto. O, how infinitely desirable did this blessing appear! I had been praying, from the time of my conversion, that I might "receive the Holy Ghost," and be "filled with all the fulness of God." My brethren encouraged me to pray for the blessing, believing that I should receive it. One evening, at prayer meeting, when earnestly struggling for a clean heart, I felt a singular sensation throughout my whole system. Not knowing what it was, I immediately ceased praying, and began to reason concerning the cause of it, but could find none on any natural principle with which I was acquainted. Something like a still small voice seemed to interrogate me "For what have you been praying?" My reply was, that I might be filled with the Holy Spirit. Again it was said, "Do not fear; only believe: what you have felt was in answer to prayer: pray on, and the blessing will soon be yours." And, blessed be God, it was not long before my soul was so overwhelmed with the divine presence and glory, that my body sunk down to the floor, and I could only exclaim, "Glory to God in the highest! Glory to his name for ever!" My soul was, indeed, filled "unutterably full of glory and of God."

And here I would say, that, in my opinion, the chief reason why there are so many faint

half-hearted Christians, is, they do not persevere in the exercise of faith and prayer. Faith is the grand instrument by which we appropriate the blessings of God's great salvation ;—faith in the blood of the atonement ; faith in the divine promises ; faith in the inexhaustible resources of his grace. According to our faith it will be done unto us. If we believe, we shall see the glory of God. But watchfulness is equally necessary if we would retain the blessing. Our blessed Lord says, " What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch." And again, " Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation." I shall ever have reason to be thankful for faithful, praying brethren. Under God they have been rendered a great blessing to me ; and I would at this time call upon my soul and all within me to bless the great Head of the church for the benefits I have received through their instrumentality.

CHAPTER IV.

SHE COMMENCES SCHOOL TEACHING—HER TRIALS AND DELIVERANCES.

The first of April, 1811, I entered upon a new employment—that of school teaching. On the whole, I found it rather a delightful task. " To teach the young idea how to shoot," to shape the first buddings of the immortal intellect, must afford pleasure to the philan-

thropic bosom. I, however, soon found myself exposed to trials to which I had ever before been a stranger.

Not long after I had commenced, some of my brethren asked me if I prayed with my scholars? I told them I did not, nor did I feel it my duty to do so. One of them said, "We as a people believe in prayer, both public and private, and it is a duty from which even females are not exonerated." I acknowledged it was our duty sometimes to pray in social meetings, but told the individual who spoke to me, I could not think it was mine to pray in school. I however told him, that should I feel it to be a duty, I would not hesitate to attempt it; being quite confident it would never be required of me. "But God's ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts." Soon after another friend, a school teacher, asked me if I were to teach where all were Methodists, whether I did not think I should pray with my scholars? I replied, "I do not know how I should feel under such circumstances; but, as almost every family where I am belongs to some other denomination, I cannot think it my duty here." He said, "I now see where you are: you have reasoned and reasoned till you have lost all proper views of the subject: and still I believe it your duty to pray in your school." The next day I went to the school as usual, but could not help reflecting occasionally upon this conversation. Just at the close of the day, I had occasion to ask some of the

scholars if they knew in what part of the Bible the ten commandments could be found, and told them I would read the chapter in which they were embraced. I went to the table, opened the drawer, and, as I took up the Bible, it was powerfully impressed upon my mind that I must pray. The impression seemed unreasonable, and I strongly resisted it. The internal monitor said, "*Will* you, DARE you refuse, when you promised no longer ago than yesterday, that if you were convinced it was your duty, you would do it? And now it is the Spirit of God that speaks to you!" I then thought I would read the chapter, and see how I should feel. I did so, but with a palpitating heart; often saying, "Alas! what shall I do?" After reading the chapter, I made a few remarks on its solemn import and binding obligation, and, reasoning upon what the people would say about so unusual a procedure, felt a strong inclination to dismiss without prayer. I accordingly prepared to do so, thinking if I felt the same impression to pray the next evening, I would bear the cross. But, O, that divine Spirit, whose office it is to "reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment," reproved me in a manner I shall never forget! Yes, he illuminated my heart, and brought certain past occurrences so distinctly to my remembrance, that I dared not defer till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day. But, O, what a struggle between nature and grace! What a dark cloud of temptations arose! I re-

gretted the duty had not been made known when I first began to teach, thinking that then the cross might not have been so great. But heavy as it now was, conscience compelled me to bear it. I requested the scholars to lay aside their things, telling them, at the same time, that I thought it my duty to pray with them, and that I should try to do so. As soon as I bowed before the Lord, the cloud broke, the tempter fled, and my soul was filled with joy and peace in believing. I arose with thankfulness, and dismissed my little charge; but remained awhile to reflect on the astonishing goodness of my directing and supporting God.

I then went to brother C.'s, where I was boarding. When I laid off my things, sister C. said, "What do you think I have heard our little boys say since they came from school? Not knowing that I heard them, Alanson said to Lyman, 'What do you think Miss L. prayed with us for?' He replied, 'I don't know; for what did she?' 'I guess I know,' said Alanson, 'it is because she wants we should be happy, and go to heaven when we die.'" These boys are now grown to manhood, and, with several others who then belonged to my school, are members of the church. May they be useful in their generation, and help to swell the song of triumph before the throne of God! How many proofs have we that Solomon uttered an indisputable truth when he said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when

he is old he will not depart from it." Impressed with this sentiment, I purchased several copies of the Methodist Catechisms, and gave them to the children. But, to my great surprise, I soon found that this step gave great offence to some of their parents. A Baptist elder, who lived near, came the next morning, leading his little daughter, and bringing the book in his hand. After the customary compliment, he said to me, "I don't thank you for giving one of my children this book; for I don't want they should learn it." I asked him what were his objections? He said, "They were various. One was, that they had catechisms of their own: and another, that ours taught there were *conditions* in the gospel." I told him I believed there were, and that the sentiment was agreeable to the word of God. He replied, "Then you are in an error; for there are no conditions in the gospel, and I do not wish to have my children taught that there are." I soon found there were five different persuasions in the district, or, at least, that they had five different sorts of catechisms; and, as I could not in conscience teach them all, I judged it advisable to teach only the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments. This, I ascertained, met with general approbation.

A few weeks after I commenced praying in my school, two elderly ladies belonging to the district came to visit me; the one a Presbyterian, the other a Baptist. I performed the ordinary duties of the school with pleasure,

thinking these Christian ladies would, in view of my youth and inexperience, close with prayer for me. But in this I was sadly disappointed; for when I proposed to join with one of them, she looked me full in the face without saying a single word! I stood several minutes, but no one broke silence; nor had I confidence to ask them again. I now thought, What shall I do? Shall I for fear of the cross neglect my duty to God and my fellow-creatures? No, I cannot. But not receiving so much as a word of encouragement, my mind did not soar above the trial: still I did as well as I could. These ladies desired me to spend the rest of the afternoon with them, but I preferred, the place of solitude, where I could pour out my soul in prayer to God. I often met with similar trials; though I must say that no one after this visited my school, who, if she did not wish to pray herself, did not express a desire to join with me. And notwithstanding, in many instances, I have felt the cross so heavy that I could hardly bear it, yet a consciousness of having endeavoured to do my duty has been a solace to my soul; especially while I have claimed that heart-cheering promise, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be."

After teaching six months, I went home to spend the winter. Soon after I was attacked with the St. Anthony's fire, which diffused itself over the chief portion of my face, so that my head was swollen to a frightful size, and some fears were entertained that I might not

recover. But the Lord stood by me in this time of trial, and so abundantly supported me with his almighty arm, that I could say, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

I was again gradually restored to health, so that in the ensuing spring I was able to resume my labours in the same place where I had taught before. Nothing worthy of special notice in regard to my school occurred this season. I enjoyed many blessings both of a temporal and spiritual kind, and felt myself more than ever a debtor to divine grace. In the autumn I was again brought to view death as at the very door. The extraction of a tooth ruptured a blood vessel, causing the vital fluid to flow almost constantly for twelve or fourteen hours! Death appeared inevitable; but to me he was no longer the king of terrors; nor was the grave in the least appalling. I was even anxious to depart and be with Christ. My end, however, was not yet. A simple application produced the desired relief, and the blood ceased to flow. Thus was I spared still longer to *do* as well as to *suffer* the divine will.

In the summers of 1813 and 1814 I was employed in teaching a school about three or four miles distant from the place where I had taught the preceding seasons. Here there were only two or three families of Methodists, though there were several of Universalists, and some members of other denominations. I however found but little satisfaction among the Universalists; for while they talk much about be-

ing saved, and going to heaven, they do not even "strive to enter in at the strait gate;" and I awfully fear they "will not be able." While here I was deprived of meetings except on the sabbath, and then I generally met with the society near my father's. But the Lord gave me many blessings, both in the closet and in the sanctuary, causing my cup to run over with joy.

One evening, while I was conversing with a young woman, she was brought to feel her need of an interest in the Saviour; but expressed a fear that it was too late for her to find mercy. After I had repeated to her many encouraging promises from the best of all books, I asked her if she would be willing to pray twice a day for four weeks that God would pardon her sins. She said she would try, and in less than three weeks the Lord set her soul at liberty. She lived several years a faithful member of our church, then died in holy triumph, and is doubtless now in the paradise of God.

I called one morning to see Mrs. G., an Episcopalian, who was then very sick. She was a very kind and amiable woman, though naturally of a somewhat hasty spirit. I found her meek and gentle as a lamb, perfectly resigned to the will of God, and patiently waiting till her change should come. She rejoiced that I had set out early in life to devote myself to the service of God, and encouraged me to persevere. She also requested me to visit her children, and instruct them in the ways of re-

ligion. And when I excused myself on the ground of incompetency, she said, "You know the way, they do not; and you must do your duty to them." She then desired me to pray. I was much affected, but told her I would try. As, however, she did not distinctly understand me, she supposed I had declined, and tenderly apologized for having asked me. Hence I went away without praying, but was so convicted that I could not enjoy peace till I had repented, and fully resolved, that should I be again desired to pray with the sick, how heavy soever the cross might be, I would bear it. And I bless God that I have hitherto been able to keep my vow, and have often found it "better to go to the house of mourning" and affliction "than to the house of feasting." Not long after I called again, but she had fallen beneath "the pale horse and his rider!" Good woman, she has doubtless entered into rest.

During the season I attended a camp meeting about two miles from my father's. Here I had a severe conflict of mind. It was on this wise: several persons from the neighbourhood where I lived came to our tent and desired me to go with them to the prayer circle. I complied with great reluctance, knowing the temptations to which I should be exposed if I did not enter into the spirit of the meeting. I however thought I would be a spectator a little while; but when I reached the circle I felt it my duty to join in the devotions of God's people. Refusing to do this, condemnation followed.

I left my company and returned to the tent with a heavy heart, conscious that I had grieved the Spirit of God; but resolved I would not rest where I was. Accordingly I entered the next praying circle that was formed, and wrestled in prayer till God delivered my soul. Several were converted at this meeting, but none from our part of the town. The love-feast was a good one. When, however, I arose to speak, the cross was so heavy that I could hardly stand: but I soon felt that the arm of Omnipotence was my support, and found great freedom in declaring to my companions what great things the Lord had done for me, and my determination to live and die in his service. Truly my soul was filled with joy unspeakable!

This season our society sustained an irreparable loss in the death of a mother in Israel; one indeed "in whom there was no guile." She died of the epidemic which prevailed in our neighbourhood at that time, but she fell "covered with glory," and in full prospect of eternal life. Who can doubt that our loss was her infinite gain?

Some time in February I was taken ill, and in March, unconscious that I had been exposed to them, I broke out with the measles. Some of the family took the disease from me, and had not fully recovered before I was taken ill again. My mother was soon taken down; and my eldest brother, who almost ridiculed me because I thought I had the measles, was, at

times, quite bereft of his senses. This was indeed a trying time to me. The anxiety I felt for my mother, and the distressing fears I had lest my brother should die in this situation, together with the care of the family, quite overcame me, and I fell into a sort of hysteric spasms. This occasioned a most unpleasant state of mind. One morning I answered my sister so tartly that my mother reproved me. But it really appeared to me that I could not help it. My whole nervous system was in a state of such excessive irritability, that it seemed to me I should be entirely deranged. The common foe, taking advantage of my weakness, made sad havoc of my religious enjoyments. I however knew where to go for relief. I had not now to learn that "God was a refuge in distress; a very present help in the time of trouble." To him, therefore, I went in deep mental anguish. At first my prayers were "greatly hindered," but I continued to "cry unto the Lord," resolved never to rest till he "avenged me of mine adversary." After spending most of the forenoon in this way I obtained the victory, and was again enabled to rejoice in God my Saviour. In due time our family were again restored to health. "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!"

In the spring I returned to my school; but O, what a change! Death had taken three grown persons from one family, and two from

another. I trust some of them were prepared, but must leave them in the hands of God. I now more than ever saw the necessity of being watchful and devoted, and desired to live every day as though it were my last. But after all God had done for me, I was often forced to exclaim

> "Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
> Prone to leave the God I love!"

Sometimes I felt the roots of pride springing up and troubling me. I will mention an instance, though at first view it may appear trifling. I was invited to a quilting, and felt an inclination to appear not quite as plain as I had done; though I had no disposition to wear any thing that would be readily called superfluous. When putting on the extra article I felt some rebukes of conscience, but regarded it as being so trifling that I thought I would wear it, till something seemed to say, "Do you think Deborah (a very gay young lady who died of the prevailing epidemic a short time before, in a state of insensibility) would now wish to appear in *such* a manner? Certainly not: then why should you?" After prayer and examination I became perfectly satisfied I was wrong, and governed myself accordingly. I found if I would preserve my conscience tender, I must treat it tenderly. When I reached the place of my engagement such was my gratitude to God that I could scarcely refrain from weeping. Had I given way to the first evil, I might have been easily overcome by

the second, namely, a light and trifling spirit; and so have dishonoured the cause of God. But in both respects I have graciously kept from sinning against him. Glory be to his name for ever!

CHAPTER V.

SEEKS AND OBTAINS A FULLER BAPTISM OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

In the summer of 1815 I lived with brother Elijah Davis, at Sauquoit Creek. Three other young women, all members of the M. E. Church, resided at the same place. My religious privileges here were great; and as every member of the family was a professed disciple of the Saviour, it might truly be said, "How good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity!"

The preacher on the station, the Rev. Abner Chase, was a strict disciplinarian; but very mild and condescending, holy and useful; being zealously engaged in preaching the gospel and building up the walls of Zion. Nor were his labours in vain in the Lord. Sinners were awakened, mourners comforted, and believers "built up on their most holy faith." Thus circumstanced, I daily felt an increasing desire for a greater conformity to the will of my heavenly Father. The more closely I followed the teachings of the divine Spirit, the greater

need I felt of having every power, and passion, and affection of my soul "brought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." Nor could I rest at all satisfied while the roots of pride, or unbelief, or any other besetting sin, remained in my heart. I was sometimes led to think the long-sought blessing near. But again unbelief, with a sense of my unworthiness, prevailed, causing me to think that when I had used a great deal more self-denial, fasting, and prayer, I might expect it; but not *now*. Still I thought no sacrifice too great for me; feeling a constant and *increasing* "hungering and thirsting after righteousness;" with a strong conviction that if I persevered, the blessing would be mine. In this I was not disappointed.

October 28, 1815, I attended the quarterly meeting at Sauquoit; and at the evening prayer meeting the Spirit of God was poured out upon his people in a remarkable manner. There were present many witnesses of perfect love, who, "with breathing thoughts and burning words," related what God had done for them. O, how infinitely desirable the blessing appeared! It seemed just before me, and my brethren encouraged me to lay hold of it by faith. But Satan suggested, "If you obtain it you will soon lose it again; and you had better remain just where you are." I replied, "He that hath kept me thus far in a justified state, will keep me to the end in a state of sanctification, if I do but trust in him." I was now more clearly convinced than ever, that the reason why I did not

obtain the blessing, was simply because I lacked faith in the blood of the atonement, even that blood that "cleanseth from all sin." It is faith in God that overcomes our mountainous difficulties, and brings the soul out into "a large and wealthy place." Mark xi, 22, 23, 24. St. John says, "This is the confidence we have in him, that if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us: and if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him."

I commenced praying vocally for sanctifying grace, "pouring out my supplications," like my divine Master, "with strong crying and tears;" and in a few moments my soul was so overwhelmed with the divine presence and glory that I fell to the floor. I remained in this state some time, now and then partially recovering my strength. But my prayer to God was, that I might never rise again without the witness of perfect love. A severe struggle followed, for Satan suggested that I was happy enough now, and that there was no need of any thing further. But this only increased my anxiety to be lost and swallowed up in God. And, blessed be his name, it was not long before I could say, "My Father God, with an unwavering tongue." Yes, my poor soul was emptied of sin, and then filled from the ocean of eternal love. God was mine and I was his. He was all, filled all, surrounded all. Should I attempt to describe a thousandth part of what I felt, language would fail me. To comprehend

it one must experience it. The place was indeed "none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven."

My strength was soon restored, and I told my brethren I had experienced a greater blessing than I had ever before, but did not tell them I was "made perfect in love;" for I chose to prove the blessing before I openly professed it; though I soon found God had not lighted up the lamp of life in my soul to be "put under a bed or bushel." After the people dispersed I retired, but for some time could get no sleep, being filled with wonder, love, and praise. My meditations were sweet. I thought, Is it possible that *I* have received so great a blessing! *I* who have been so great a sinner, now saved by grace! made an heir of God, and a join their with Christ!! I *felt* that it was indeed, and beyond all doubt, a matter of fact; and my only desire was to know and do the will of God. It was now powerfully impressed upon my mind, that it would be my duty to confess in the presence of God's saints what had been done for my soul. After a severe mental conflict I yielded to the impression, and then fell asleep. When I arose in the morning I went to the book of God, earnestly praying to be guided into all truth. The first words I opened to were, "A false witness shall perish; but the man that heareth speaketh constantly." I thought, Surely this is a deep lesson of instruction to me: I must attend closely to the teachings of the divine Spirit, lest after all

I have received I "perish." I opened again to, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving." And also, "Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." I cried out, "It is enough, Lord; I am perfectly satisfied; and by thy grace will endeavour to proclaim thy 'great salvation.'" I went to the love-feast and spoke of the blessing I had received, and the flame of divine love seemed to spread over the whole assembly, while my own soul rejoiced "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." This was a day long to be remembered.

I went home at evening, and not feeling satisfied to eat my morsel alone, acquainted my parents with what I had received. My father made this reply, "*Remember how easily a clean garment is spotted.*" These words made a deep and lasting impression upon my mind, and the cry of my heart was, that my soul might never be stained with sin. After my father prayed in family worship, I felt such an anxious desire for the salvation of my brothers and sisters, that I began praying; but had continued the exercise only a few minutes when my soul was so filled with heavenly love, so transported with new and vivid conceptions of God and eternal things, that my body could not support its weight, and I sunk motionless to the floor! This, being something new, created not a little

excitement in the family. One went up stairs; another called for water to throw in my face; and a third ran out of doors! They were doubtless powerfully convicted, though, alas, they soon grieved the Spirit of God!

In the summer of 1816 I taught school in our own district, and the Lord gave me favour in the sight of the people, as well as of the children committed to my care. Indeed, I was prospered in all my undertakings; so that I had nothing to do but to go forward in the way of duty; "rejoicing evermore, praying without ceasing, and in every thing giving thanks."

Still I was not without my trials, and these from near friends. We had stated prayer meetings at our house, and our parents desired that they might be continued during their absence on a journey. At this my eldest brother was much displeased. As I was the only remaining member of the family who wished to have the meetings continued, and as I did not board at home all the time, he even wished me not to come home at all! thinking if I stayed away the Methodists would not come. We however maintained our ground, and the Lord supported us in all our tribulations, by imparting the abundant consolations of his Spirit. When at home, during the absence of our parents, I felt it my duty to pray with the family; but he would seldom stay in the house; saying he had rather hear it thunder! One time, when I was trying to persuade him to seek religion, he said, He should make out as

well as the generality of people, and should not concern himself about the subject. "But," said he, "if you have got religion, keep it." Whatever the motive that prompted it, this was a good caution; for many who set out well have halted in their spiritual journey, and I fear will come short of heaven at last. O, may God keep me from the awful sin of backsliding!

September 5th, I attended camp meeting in Westmoreland, near the place where I was converted. This was rendered a peculiar blessing to me. How memorable the spot where I was delivered from the galling yoke of sin, and brought into the liberty of the children of God! The present meeting was a good one. In the closing love-feast thirty-six testified that they had found redemption in Christ during the meeting. God was with us of a truth! May I never forget his loving kindness.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOL TEACHING—SICKNESS OF HER FATHER—A PAINFUL INCIDENT—DEATH OF A RELATIVE.

In the summer of 1817 I was delightfully employed in teaching the school near the Farmers' factory, at Sauquoit Creek. Here I was blessed with many precious privileges in attending the means of grace. We frequently had prayer meetings at sunrise on sabbath mornings, which I found exceedingly profitable,

and especially as they more fully prepared my heart for the reception of the word of God. We also had prayer meetings at five o'clock on Sunday evening, class meetings on Tuesday evening, and prayer meetings again on Thursday evening. Enjoying these means of spiritual improvement, my soul flourished as the garden of the Lord.

I had not been here long before my father was taken alarmingly ill, and I was sent for. For some time his life was despaired of, yet his soul was happy in God, and perfectly resigned to his will. Though conscious that his continuance on earth would be a great comfort to his family, he said he would not turn over his hand to live or die. He frequently remarked, that a sick bed was a poor place on which to seek religion. "If I had this work to do now," said he, "I should certainly die; for I could not endure the pains of a guilty conscience and the distress of body I now feel." I found his conversation very profitable to me. He wished me to make death and judgment as familiar as my daily employment, and to keep my relation to the invisible world constantly in view. After tenderly alluding to the trials to which I should be exposed should he leave us, he asked if I were willing to part with him? I told him I should expect trials, though I had no doubt our loss would be his infinite gain, and therefore could say, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done." He then exhorted me to persevere; for said he, "O how glad I shall be to meet one of my

children in heaven! I should indeed rejoice to see them all there; but if they do not seek religion, I never shall; for without it we must be eternally separated!" But this sickness was not unto death. No doubt in answer to the many prayers offered for him, the means used for his recovery were blessed of God, and he was gradually restored to health. O, my soul, adore the God of love for his sparing mercy! I returned to my school under a deep sense of his goodness, and resolved to devote myself entirely to his blessed service.

In 1818 I taught again in the same place, having favour in the sight of the people, and of those committed to my charge. One day I was reflecting on these words, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake," and, "they shall say all manner of evil against you falsely." I thought, Surely, these words cannot be applicable to me; for I pass along most agreeably, being blessed with every thing I need for soul and for body. Here most distressing temptations arose, the enemy suggesting, "You are not a child of God, for you are not 'hated,' nor do you have 'all manner of evil spoken against you.'" But the rays of divine light which emanated from the Sun of righteousness, and fell upon my anxious soul, repelled the dark suggestion, and filled me with comfort and peace.

November 16th, after a short vacation, I commenced teaching again for the winter; and felt to say as did Paul on a certain occasion,

"Who is sufficient for these things?" Yet having taught in the same place for the two preceding seasons, and being counted worthy by the district, I undertook the task, relying on God for direction and support. My scholars made good proficiency; and I have reason to believe that the serious impressions made on the minds of some of them will never be forgotten; for I have since seen them happy in religion.

On Christmas day I went home to see my parents, and as they had invited several members of the society to meet me, we held a prayer meeting. This was a season long to be remembered, on account of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Our hearts were united in one, and it seemed "a heaven below our Redeemer to know;" while our souls were transported with the pleasing thought of meeting one day in the kingdom of our heavenly Father, to part no more for ever!

January 2. We have had severe trials by reason of the departure of some from the holy commandments delivered unto them. But I find, on examination, that this does not in the least weaken my faith, or discourage me in the pursuit of eternal life. No, glory to God! He has promised never to forsake those who trust in him; and by his grace I am resolved never to forsake him who has done so much for me.

On Wednesday, of this week, my brother and sister, with their school teacher and several others, came to visit my school. I felt it a great cross to pray in their presence, but found access

to God, and a consequent blessing to my soul. All except one kneeled with me, and may the gracious God teach them the necessity of prayer! In the afternoon we visited two other schools, where all was turmoil and confusion. How much depends on good order! where every one knows his place and keeps it. Perhaps it is not too much to say, that under such circumstances, the scholars will learn much faster than they otherwise would.

February 23. The inspectors visited my school, expressed their entire approbation of my course of instruction and government, and gave the scholars praise for having excelled every other school they had visited. But when will they learn the "one thing needful?" O, Shepherd of Israel, guide their youthful feet into "the way everlasting!"

I spent the summer of 1819 in the same place, but was not free from trials, though fully resolved to follow the Lord through evil report as well as good report. I think in all my life I never had a greater discovery of the native depravity of my heart. Surely, "in my flesh there dwelleth no good thing." To God I am indebted for all that is good. In all my religious performances,

> "What are my works but sin and death
> Till God his quick'ning spirit breathe?"

But blessed be God, I do feel his "quickening Spirit," and my soul is happy in his smiles. Last week I attended a camp meeting. Several were converted from the error of their ways,

and three backsliders reclaimed. O, what a pleasing change does grace produce! Those who once slighted the Friend of sinners and the company of the pious, are now rejoicing in the salvation of the gospel, and inviting sinners to return to God. One has found peace this week, and many more are serious. O may the Lord powerfully revive his work throughout the whole neighbourhood!

July 22. Little did I think of ever having to record what has occurred within the last two weeks. I have had a sort of presentiment that trials were before me, but could not anticipate what they were, nor from what source they would probably come. Last Friday the news came to me that uncle J. S——, my mother's brother, had taken poison, and was thought to be in a dangerous state. On Saturday I went with several others to see him. After brother G. had conversed with him some time, uncle asked him to pray. Being questioned whether he would pray for himself, he answered in the affirmative. It was a very solemn time, and I had some hope that God would have mercy on him. As I was sitting at the foot of his bed, he looked very wistfully at me, and said, "The days are long to lie here." "Yes," said I, "but eternity is much longer." He assented. "Here," said I, "one day passes away after another, and is gone; but eternity has no end. Do you think you will get well again?" He replied, "No." I asked him if he thought he should have a desire

to take more poison, should he get well. He answered, "No, I think I should try to live better." I asked him how death appeared to him—to think of being cold, and stiff, and confined within the narrow limits of the coffin. He replied with singular emphasis, "*Dark.*" So long as the doctor flattered him with hopes of recovery, he did not own but that he *intended* to poison himself; but after he was given up, he confessed he had no such intention; his design was merely to frighten his family! He told the doctor he was willing to do his utmost in swallowing whatever had a tendency to counteract the poison. But, alas! it was all in vain. He appeared penitent, and was much in prayer. He also gave good advice to his family and others, telling them to take warning by him. On Monday, at half past 6 o'clock, P. M., after a most distressing day, he expired. The last he was heard to say was the Lord's prayer. How it is with him is not for me to say.

Habits of intoxication, in which he had indulged for years, were doubtless the cause of this rash deed. When excited by strong drink he could not bear to be crossed in the least. Thus excited, he was at work with his son, and being provoked at something, he violently threw some hard substance at him. The son went to the house and told his mother. Presently his father came in, and after refreshing himself, said to H., "We must go to work again." My aunt remarked, that she was afraid to have him

go lest he should get injured by something that might be thrown at him. At this he flew into a violent passion, said he had poison, would take it, and be a dead man within an hour! "This his way was his folly," and may none of "his posterity approve of his doings!"

On Tuesday, July 20th, his remains were carried to the Episcopal church, and the Rev. Mr. Huse preached on the occasion from the eighty-ninth Psalm, forty-eighth verse, "What man is he that liveth and shall not see death?" Though I could not agree with him in all he said, yet I must say his address to the mourners was excellent, and I hope it will not soon be forgotten. It was indeed a very solemn time, and I trust it will prove a lesson to the living, by which they may learn to shun the snares of vice, and prepare to meet their God.

August 20th. I went to see cousin Minerva Root, and found her, to all appearance, just upon the verge of the grave, though perfectly resigned to the will of God, and quite ready to depart and be with Christ. At her special request, the Rev. G. W. Densmore came and administered to her the solemn ordinance of Christian baptism. I was not present, but was told by those who were, that it was a season of most affecting interest. In the evening she said to her father, who was a professed Universalist, "Mr. Densmore has been to see me, and has administered baptism to me." He replied, "Was that any satisfaction to you?" "O yes," said she, "it seemed when the water was ap-

plied, that my soul was elevated far above the earth and near the divine throne!"

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! She had every preparation made for starting on a journey the very morning she was taken ill. And yet she was perfectly resigned to the will of God. She said to me, "I am willing to be disappointed: the Lord knows what is best: and to his pleasure I cheerfully resign myself. I have always been afraid I should not have grace to carry me through: but the Lord has continued his support till the present moment. O how good he is! I can never sufficiently adore him for his loving kindness to such a worm of earth." Her father said he was sorry that any of his children should borrow trouble about their future state; for he believed they had all their punishment in this; and that so satisfied was he of this fact that he would be perfectly willing to suffer all that might be laid upon them hereafter: he knew God would not make creatures to punish them after death. I told him we must all answer for ourselves at the judgment seat of Christ: but this seemed like foolishness to him. I however thought it an unseasonable time to say any thing more to him on the subject, and could only in silence say, "Lord, have mercy on him, and show him the error of his ways: make him acquainted with thy great salvation."

September 6th. We are in hopes cousin M. is a little better, but whether she will recover seems still quite uncertain. She remains hap-

py in God, and resigned to his will. I had a most refreshing time with her in prayer; after which she took my hand and kissed it, and said, "We shall meet by and by to part no more for ever." O, the untold felicities of the Christian religion!

September 18th. Called again to see my dear cousin, and found she still had, though failing fast, an unshaken confidence in God. Addressing me she said, "You have the presence of the Lord every day, have you not?" I replied, "In some measure, though every day has its cares and trials; so that my enjoyments are not equally great at all times." "O," said she, "what a crown is laid up for *you!* But, alas, *my* days have been mostly spent in vanity and sin." I told her I believed a crown of glory awaited her, and that it would ere long be placed upon her head by God's immortal hand. "O yes," said she, "but it will be a *small* one; and yet it will be large enough, for the least will be infinitely beyond my deservings!"

I went again to see her in the evening, and after prayer she fell asleep and rested some time. When she awoke she conversed freely. I embraced this opportunity to ask her, not for my own satisfaction, but the satisfaction of others, whether she believed the Universalist doctrine to be true. She replied with much emphasis, "I do not: my father has desired to know whether it would make any difference with my dead body whoever might preach at my funeral.

I told him I did not think it would; but that, though I did not wish to injure his feelings, I did not choose to have the public think I had died a believer in the Universalist creed." Accordingly she desired that the Rev. Mr. Densmore, whom she had frequently heard to her spiritual profit, previously to her sickness, might preach on occasion of her death. On the succeeding sabbath my parents were sent for. They found her failing fast, but her soul was happy in God. When my father prayed with her, she appeared transported with holy joy, and shouted and praised God, to the astonishment of all present. Notwithstanding her great weakness, she raised her voice, and sung most sweetly. In the evening of the same day I called to see her. Going to her bed and finding her eyes closed, I said, "Minerva, I have come to see you once more." She opened her eyes and grasped my hand, and not only manifested great pleasure in seeing me, but especially rejoiced in the conscious smiles of Heaven. Still she was not beyond the reach of temptation. It was suggested to her by the arch foe, that her patience would not hold out, and that her dying agonies would be intolerable. On being assured, however, that God had promised to bestow grace according to her day, and that he who had supported her thus far would never leave nor forsake her, not even when she passed through the dark valley of the shadow of death, she took new courage, and said, "*I shall trust in him.* O, Jesus, give me

patience to suffer *all* thy will, and then take me to thyself." Her sufferings were great, yet she "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." Just before she expired, being quite speechless, she looked up at us with a heavenly smile on her countenance, as if to bid us adieu, and then gently sunk into the arms of death. The scene was truly edifying, and every way honourable to our holy religion. Never, indeed, did the boasted genius of philosophy conduct any one of her blinded votaries with a thousandth part of the same ease and tranquillity over the turbid waters of Jordan. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like" *hers !*

CHAPTER VII.

PARTS WITH HER SCHOLARS—GIVES UP SCHOOL TEACHING—JOURNEYS—VARIOUS EXERCISES.

October 15, 1820. I have great cause to bless God for his patience with me, an unprofitable servant. My life is daily crowned with his blessings, while I find favour with my patrons and the dear children committed to my care. Still I deeply feel the want of more religion ; a greater conformity to the will of my Lord and Master. O that my hungry and thirsty soul may be filled with righteousness ! I have the promise : Lord, I claim it as my own ! Thou *canst*, thou WILT fill me with all

thy own blessed fulness. Though of late I have passed through many temptations and sorrows, yet there has been no day in which I have dared to say, "I am destitute of the comforts of religion;" nor would I give up my confidence in God, and my hope of heaven, for all the transitory objects to be found in this vain and inconstant world. No:

> "For one blest hour at God's right hand,
> I'd give them all away."

After having taught about two years in this place, I dismissed my little charge. *Little*, did I say? Ah! it is by no means a small thing to be intrusted with the education of the rising generation. The souls of these little immortals are infinitely precious. They cost the blood of the Son of God! And yet how little do I realize their intrinsic value! O God, waken my drowsy powers, forgive my past stupidity, and help me for the time to come to cherish something like a just conviction of the true value of man's immortality! Let none of these little ones stumble over my imperfections into an awful eternity; but rather let them rise with me to an "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." I have had the pleasure of opening to them the treasures of science, of seeing some of them materially improved in their manners, and a few of them hopefully converted to God.

Our parting was painfully pleasing: painful, to think it was not likely we should all meet again till the judgment of the great day, and

that so few, apparently, had been profited by my efforts to impart a knowledge of divine things: pleasing, to reflect that I had faithfully endeavoured to do my duty to them, and that possibly many of them might, at a future day, remember and turn to the Lord. Blessed be God, it was not long after this before I had the satisfaction of knowing that several of them professed faith in Christ. O that we may so live as to be prepared for an eternal union in the kingdom of God!

In accordance with the advice of my friends, I spent the following winter in perfecting my knowledge of certain branches of study, to which I had previously paid but little attention. A portion of the time was passed in the family of the Rev. G. W. Densmore,* the stationed

* The Rev. George W. Densmore, long a laborious and useful member of the travelling connection. His public and private character was distinguished by many and rare excellences. At the age of twenty-one he was received on trial in the New-York Annual Conference, and continued an effective member of the itinerancy until the fall of 1836, when he removed to the state of Illinois. Most of the circuits and stations in middle, and many in western New York, have enjoyed his public labours, and will long cherish a pleasing and grateful recollection of him. Hundreds, if not thousands, have been led by him to the foot of the cross; many of whom have already been gathered with him to the inheritance of the saints in light. He took a leading part in the erection of places of worship, as well as in promoting the benevolent institutions of the church in general. Good man! he now rests from his labours, and his works do follow him. He died at his residence in Sugar Grove, Cane county, Illinois, on the 17th of January, 1841, in the fifty-third year of his age.—Ed.

minister at Sauquoit. This was by no means a lost opportunity, as it enabled me to become intimately acquainted with his excellent wife, then in a very feeble state of health. When alone, we frequently conversed on death and immortality, and though I was sometimes detained from my studies by these interviews, I never regretted the time thus spent. We experienced many refreshing seasons from the presence of the Lord, while our truly kindred spirits united in claiming the promises of the gospel. She now rests from her labours, and her works, I doubt not, will follow her.

I had invested what little of my earnings I could spare in the stock of the Farmers' Cotton and Woollen Factory, thinking it might be an advantage to me at a future day; but to my great astonishment I was informed by a friend, that the company was insolvent in the sum of more than eight thousand dollars, and that there was no prospect of its paying any portion of it! At first it seemed hard for me to lose between one and two hundred dollars, and the different members of our family nearly a thousand; but, after a little reflection, I was enabled to look on "the bright side of things," and on the whole, thought myself much better off than some of my acquaintance. I enjoyed good health, which I considered a blessing from God; and, without shedding a tear or allowing a murmuring thought, I engaged in teaching school at our little chapel in the village, thinking I could easily support myself

without getting in debt to any one. The Lord prospered me in my undertaking, and I believe converted one of my little scholars. He became very attentive to his studies, was delighted in reading the Bible, attended with great apparent interest to the means of grace, and thus gave evidence of his having been born of the Spirit.

During the winter of 1821 I was engaged in teaching about three miles from my father's, in district No. 9. In persevering in my established practice of opening and closing school with prayer, I passed through trials known only to the Searcher of hearts. But amidst all my trials, it was my constant purpose to maintain a conscience void of offence toward God and toward man. Nor was I left without the comforting influences of the Holy Spirit. God was near to keep my head above the surging waters. Some of his dear people, too, sympathized with me, and made my afflictions their own. May I never forget their friendly attentions, and may the God of love return their acts of kindness in seven-fold blessing into their own bosoms!

In February my grand-mother Foot came to my father's on a visit, and soon after her arrival was attacked with the pleurisy, which in a few days terminated in death. I was sent for, and arrived about two hours before she expired. In answer to my inquiry, she said she was happy in God and ready to go. As she was of a timid make, always manifesting in the time of sick-

ness a tremulous anxiety, I was afraid her faith would fail her. But my fears were groundless. Almighty grace had gotten the victory. Notwithstanding her natural timidity, her faith was more than a match for the last enemy. She was a member of the Presbyterian communion: so I see that true religion is the same wherever it may be found.

The following summer I taught in our chapel, which, on account of my declining health, was the last effort of the kind I was permitted to make. For most of the time, during ten summers and two winters, I have been employed in teaching the lower branches of an English education; an employment which, if properly attended to by the pious, can hardly fail to contribute much toward evangelizing the world. May the Lord everywhere raise up teachers of the right stamp! A word of pious instruction may accompany the ordinary lesson, and, under the blessing of God, lead the pupil to the knowledge of the truth in after life. An instance occurred to me. Not long since, when confined to my room by sickness, a young lady came to visit me, who, in early life, had been under my instruction. I inquired of her whether she had ever embraced religion. With great emotion she replied, "I have; and have often thought of what you told me in the days of my childhood, particularly, that the ways of religion are ways of pleasantness and peace: I have found them even so." This is but one instance among many that I might mention;

and if I could extend my voice so as to be heard by every teacher in the land professing godliness, I would say, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

Partly on account of my health, I went in September to visit my friends in the Black River country. On my way there I heard of a camp meeting, and, though a little out of my way, I turned aside to enjoy it. I reached the ground on Saturday, just at evening, and was so fortunate as to meet with Rev. Brother Sodon, who kindly introduced me to Esquire Clap's tent, where I was most hospitably and agreeably entertained till the close of the meeting. Several sinners were converted, while believers were established and built up in the faith of Christ. On Monday morning we had a very interesting and profitable love-feast. The preachers requested all who had ever experienced the blessing of sanctification to give in their testimony; and, blessed be God, there were not a few, who, with great clearness and warmth, bore witness to the cleansing virtues of the blood of atonement. Though I was personally acquainted with very few there, except some of the preachers, yet I felt so closely allied to them, that I felt constrained to give them "a reason of the hope that was in me, with meekness and fear." It was indeed a time long to be remembered.

After a very pleasant visit with my friends at the north, I returned with a grateful heart to the place of my residence ; having had " by the will of God a prosperous journey."

In February I visited my friends in Camden. The weather was intensely cold, and I suffered very considerably. Soon after my return I was taken ill, and for six weeks was unable to attend public worship. But though I did not enjoy my mind as well as I had before, yet I was not conscious of having wilfully departed from the path of holy obedience. After this I was much afflicted with a nervous complaint, during which I was assaulted most violently by " the accuser of the brethren." He indeed would often " accuse" when conscience did not condemn. For some time I measurably stood my ground ; but looking at my imperfections, my trials, my conflicts, instead of looking directly to the " Rock of my strength," I gave way to unprofitable reasonings, and did not boldly and confidently, as in days past, declare that I loved God with all my heart, but would simply say, I desired so to love him, and the like. And yet it seemed so inconsistent to say I *desired* a thing when I was quite confident I already had it, that at times I was on the point of giving up the blessing of perfect love. Again it was suggested that there were far better Christians that said but little about it, and " what need then of your continually harping on a doctrine in which many good people do not even believe ? It may be a Scripture doc-

trine, of which your own experience gives you the most satisfactory proof, yet what necessity is there of your making it so prominent? Better be silent with respect to it." Thus I yielded; and instead of growing stronger in faith, I became weaker. I verily believe there is no other disease incident to the human system that is so well calculated to induce false reasonings as nervous affections; nor is there any other of which Satan takes so great advantage in harassing and perplexing the mind. I did not, however, neglect any of the means of grace when my health would permit me to attend them, nor did I lose my relish for secret prayer; though at times my supplications seemed almost powerless. Though I was often tempted to think I should live and die in this state, yet I do not recollect that the thoughts of death were at any time a terror to me; for I firmly believed if I were faithful unto death I should receive a crown of life.

In the spring of 1822 I was called upon to teach the district school in our village; but ill health would not permit a compliance. Such was my condition that I was forced to abandon this delightful employment, and accept of a retreat from the cares of the world under the paternal roof. Here I had many comforts and privileges of which multitudes, in the time of sickness, are wholly deprived. Still I felt I needed a greater conformity to the will of my heavenly Father: and for this I sought the Lord in secret by day and by night, until

"The opening heavens around me shone
With beams of sacred bliss,"

so that my cup of joy ran over. And yet I presumed not to say, that I loved God with all my heart! Had I done this, I believe I should have soon regained my confidence, and been preserved from a thousand temptations.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARRIVAL—THE DEATH OF HER BROTHER—VISITS SULLIVAN SPRINGS—A REVIVAL.

It was now nearly thirteen years since I first professed to be a disciple of the Saviour, all of which time I had to go alone so far as young people were concerned. Not even a brother or sister was disposed to accompany me. I often mourned on this account, and was sometimes led to fear I had been a hinderance to them. When, however, I reviewed my past life, I was not conscious that I knowingly threw any obstacle in their way. I had often warned them to flee from the wrath to come, affectionately invited them to accept of offered mercy, and frequently on their behalf poured out strong cries and tears to Him that is able to save.

Some time in the autumn, my eldest brother, who had for several years been in a decline, was taken more violently ill, and serious apprehensions were entertained that he might not recover. He however regained his health so

as to ride out; but O, the anxiety I felt on his account! In prayer meeting, at brother C.'s, I had an uncommon spirit of prayer for him; and while I viewed the justice of God in his condemnation, I earnestly entreated the Father for the sake of the Son to have compassion on him and pardon his sins, if it were not till his expiring moments—as in the case of the penitent thief on the cross. My soul was wonderfully blest, and I had some faith that God would yet hear prayer on his account.

Our society, though small, (seventeen in number,) had long been united in the tender bonds of Christian friendship, and were now harmoniously engaged in prayer for the revival of God's work. Some of the Presbyterians wished to join us once a week in a union prayer meeting. To this we agreed, and met one week at brother C.'s, and the next at Dr. Judd's. These meetings proved a great blessing; the Lord poured out his Spirit; and there was a prospect of an abundant harvest of souls. Mr. Burchard, a Presbyterian minister, while he remained in the place, was greatly blessed in his efforts to promote this good work; for he preached a free salvation, and strongly enforced practical piety. But it was reported that the Rev. Dr. Weeks, who was sick when he came, sent him away. If so, will not the blood of souls be required at his hands? For as it had been the doctor's practice to preach the doctrine of predestination, so he continued to hold it forth, which was like throwing water upon fire.

The Spirit was quenched, souls were hardened, and many of them remain impenitent unto this day. But the Lord was gracious to our little society, and many were added to the number, who continue faithful to the duties of their holy calling. Of this number, blessed be God, were all three of my sisters! Though this was matter of great joy, yet the impenitence of my three brothers not only abated it, but occasioned almost heart-breaking sorrow. And what greatly augmented my grief was, my eldest brother, who had for some time been in feeble health, was now confined to his room and mostly to his bed.

Soon after his confinement to his room, I entered his apartment, with the deliberate design of conversing with him respecting his preparation for death. After I had made some inquiry concerning his health, and he had told me he thought he should recover, I felt it my duty to tell him that the general impression was otherwise, and exhorted him to seek religion, that he might be prepared for life or death. This literally enraged him. He said he wanted to hear none of my stuff; he had been as sick before, and saw no reason why he was not as likely to recover now as then. I told him I had a duty to do, and was resolved to do it; so that the blood of his soul should not be found on my skirts; and also that he should not have it to say, at the day of judgment, that I had not faithfully discharged my duty to him. At this he flew into a violent passion, and

raising himself up in his bed, called upon my sister to hand him the little chair, with which he doubtless intended to drive me from his room! But not succeeding in this, he sternly commanded me to go out of his presence. I now thought it was in vain to say any thing more to him, and for a short time nearly gave up all hope of his salvation. I went into the kitchen and took up some work; but my distress and anxiety were so great that I could not do it. I then retired to my chamber, where I could give vent to my feelings, and there poured out my soul in prayer to that God who is able to save.

In the afternoon aunt W., who had just returned from New-Haven, came to see us; and though some thought she was crazy, I believed her to be happy in God. Her mind was much exercised on seeing my brother. She had said but a few words to him before her strength began to fail; when she requested my sister to help her into the kitchen. She sat down, clasped her hands, and prayed God to have mercy on him. Soon after she said she *must* go into the other room. She accordingly went and knelt down by the door that opened near where my brother lay, and prayed most fervently for his salvation. On hearing her, he desired that something might be carried into the room and thrown around her, so that she might not take cold; but did not ask to have her removed, or to stop praying. She said she thought when she first went into the room, that she would

never leave it until John was converted; but, after wrestling some time, she said God would do his own work—he was able and willing to save, and she had no doubt my brother would find mercy. I never saw him angry after this. Indeed, he became quite tender and affectionate, apparently losing all hostility toward me, and even delighting in my company. This encouraged me to become more ardent and persevering in my intercessions at the throne of grace in his behalf. I used to select appropriate chapters from the Bible, and from books on Christian experience, for my sisters to read to him while the rest of the family were absent at meeting; and they often accompanied their reading with such explanations and exhortations as they judged suitable to his state. Still his heart did not yield. Our parents also used their best endeavours, but apparently with little success. For myself, I said very little to him *directly* till the 19th of March, when my sister awoke me and said she thought he was dying. I arose, hastened to his room, and found that his extremities were cold. I asked him how he felt, and whether he thought he was dying. He said he did not know. My anxiety for him was inexpressible, and I felt that I could not let him go till I had evidence that his peace was made with God. He revived a little; and when my father read for morning devotion, I watched him to see if he took any notice of what was read. He turned his face as if to hear, but told my sister afterward, that he

could not distinguish a single word. His hearing, however, returned with the warmth of his limbs.

In the afternoon I felt much impressed to say something further to him, but knew not what to say, or where to begin. I observed he would look very wishfully at me, and then turn away his eyes, but presently fix them on me again. My heart was full. I resolved to say something. With all the tenderness I could command I began, "John, do you ever pray? Our Saviour hears prayer, and he is just such a friend as you want in this time of affliction. He has been good in sparing you so long, and in granting you time for repentance." He replied, "Why did'nt I go this morning?" I told him he had been like the barren fig-tree to which the Saviour came seeking fruit, and found none; but I believed God was still waiting to be gracious, and giving him a still further opportunity of complying with the terms of the gospel. He said, "How do you do?" meaning, as I understood him, what method do you take to get religion? I replied, "You know you have been a sinner all your days: you have sinned against light and knowledge; and God might, in justice, have cut you off this morning; but still he spares you. Now can't you, don't you feel sorry that you have thus lived and sinned against God, the best of beings? He requires you to 'confess and forsake your sins,' and promises, if your repentance be genuine, that he will 'show mercy.' Remember the

expiring thief on the cross ; the Lord had compassion on him even in his last moments. 'Ask, and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.'" He said, "I did'nt know it was so easy!" Then turning to sister E., said, "How is it?" She replied, "It is just so." Still, however, we could get no promise from him that he would in earnest set about the great work ; though he afterward told sister E. he did pray. This was on Wednesday. On Friday he made his will, and settled all his temporal concerns with as much composure as if he had been in perfect health. That evening the Rev. Charles Giles conversed closely with him, though I think he obtained no very satisfactory evidence that he was a child of God. On Saturday I perceived he was fast failing, and resolved, as soon as I had finished a little piece of work then in hand, to go in and converse with him again. But just before I was ready to enter his room, sister E. threw open the door, and said he was dying. I ran in and entreated him to look to the Lord. Being speechless, my mother asked him to squeeze her hand as a sign if he had given himself to the Saviour. But his strength was gone. I again earnestly entreated him to look to the Saviour of sinners, telling him that Christ was as willing to save him as he was the expiring thief. He soon raised his longing eyes toward heaven, and every breath seemed, from the motion of his lips, to be prayer. My father being absent, and no persons present

but my mother and sister, I continued to exhort him to "believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." Our united prayer was, "Lord, have mercy upon him and save his soul. We cannot bear the thought of his dwelling in everlasting burnings. O, that we may have some sign that his sins are forgiven, if it be only a smile." "Yes," said I, "if he can but die with a smile on his countenance I shall be satisfied." Soon after this he cast his eyes downward with a smile, and then bade the world adieu, on the 22d of March, 1823, in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

Had I followed my feelings when he smiled, I should have exclaimed, "He is happy! he is happy!" for I was then relieved of as great a burden as I was when my own sins were forgiven; though the burden was of a different kind. Death-bed repentance is, I know, in general, entitled to little credit; but there was something in this case peculiar, and something that afforded the greatest satisfaction to the whole family. Still, however, the difficulty with which my brother was brought to any thing like a just sense of his lost condition, should operate as a warning to the impenitent not to put off the concerns of the soul till they are on a bed of languishing. Mr. Giles preached on occasion of my brother's death to a large and attentive congregation, from 1 Pet. iv, 7, "But the end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer." In speaking of the resurrection, he was favoured with great liberty, and it was truly a refreshing season.

In August of this year I visited the springs in Sullivan, Madison county, and boarded with uncle W., a Universalist. His residence was about two miles up the Chittenango Creek. The scenery was not only romantic, but admirably adapted to inspire one with lofty thoughts of the Deity. But I was not without my trials, being separated from friends and Christian society, save only a dear cousin living at a little distance, whose heart had been divinely touched. Although young in experience, she was indeed a comfort to me. No meetings were held within about two miles. The first sabbath I received an invitation to go to church; and went without asking where, supposing, of course, it was at the village. But when we reached the village, we passed through it and came to a school-house, where we found the people repairing to some large oaks, with a view to shelter themselves under their spreading branches from the burning rays of a summer's sun. We took our chairs and were comfortably seated, when, to my surprise and great satisfaction, the Rev. William Case arose to address the audience. In the afternoon he preached at Canasaraga village, "in demonstration of the Spirit and with power." While he rehearsed the goodness of God, and brought past occurrences to remembrance, the hearts of the people melted like wax before the fire. This was a memorable season, and I felt my spiritual strength greatly renewed.

On Saturday evening cousin Eliza brought

home a novel, and laid it upon the table. I took it up, and after ascertaining its character, asked her if she read such books? She replied, "Not very often"—she had borrowed it for another person to read. The next morning she took the book, and, accompanied by several others, went into the orchard, where, after seating herself under the shade of an apple tree, (the very spot to which I frequently retired for meditation and prayer,) she read to them. I went so near that I heard what they were reading, and then silently retired to another part of the orchard; presuming, however, that they saw me pass. My sensations were not only tender, but painful, when I reflected that so many of the youth had assembled to spend the holy sabbath in such a manner, and that I had passed so near without saying any thing to them. I endeavoured to ask counsel of the Lord, and feeling impressed to return, I went tremblingly. On approaching them, I said, "Girls, what are you reading—a novel?" Cousin E. replied, "We are not reading the whole—only the account of Miss Blank's sickness and death. It is very good—she died of the consumption: don't you wish to hear it?" I responded, "Do you believe it is true?" She said she did not know that it was. I then said, with tears in my eyes, "Girls, if you will seriously reflect on death, judgment, and eternity, you will have enough to occupy your minds, especially on the sabbath, without reading novels." The result was they soon dismissed

their book and borrowed a Bible, in which one after another read till two or three o'clock, P. M. Happy, no doubt, would it have been for them, had they followed the light of that precious volume. Soon after I went to the house, several young men from that and the adjoining neighbourhood came in and conversed on various subjects of a worldly nature, one of them profanely swearing almost at every sentence!

I had gone up stairs to lie down, as I could find no book to read in except such as treated on Universalism, or some other subject equally unprofitable to me, there being but one Bible in the house, and in that my uncle was then reading. Never before did I fully realize the value of sabbath and sanctuary privileges. I wept and rejoiced that I had early sought and found the favour of God, and thereby escaped a thousand snares incident to youth. At the same time I anticipated with high satisfaction the period when I should return to the society of my dear brethren and friends, and join with them in prayer and songs of praise to our adorable Redeemer. I now felt it my solemn duty to converse with my uncle about keeping the sabbath, and reproving persons for swearing profanely. When I did so, he said, they did not trouble him, for he had been reading the blessed book (the Bible) all the time. I replied, "If you believe what it contains, I should think it *would* trouble you, and that you would allow it no more." He answered, "Am I my neighbour's keeper?" I responded, "The

Bible says, 'Thou shalt in any wise reprove thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him.'" He then passionately interrogated me, "Are you perfect?" I was now led into a strait, either to deny the doctrine of Christian perfection, or to defend it: conscience forbade the former, and I rather timidly engaged in the latter. Light at once broke into my mind, and when I quoted the words of the Saviour, "Be ye therefore perfect," &c., he seemed confounded, shut his Bible, and said no more about perfection.

I do not remember to have conversed on this subject, either in public or private, without receiving a blessing; and yet, to my shame be it recorded, I have received many chastisements and lost many precious gifts by withholding my testimony. At the close of the day I retired to give thanks to almighty God for his blessings; and I earnestly requested that I might not see another sabbath similarly spent while I stayed. My petition was granted, for the next sabbath was a very rainy one.

My health being considerably improved, I wrote a letter home, and my father came for me. The night before I left, when I retired, I knelt at my bed-side as usual. Cousin Eliza, who slept with me, called me by name several times. I paid no attention to her, supposing she had not noticed what posture I was in, until she came and knelt by me, and with tears said, "Do pray for me, and pray so that I can hear you." I did so, and it was a refreshing

season to my soul. We had much conversation, but I rejoiced with trembling; fearing lest through the temptations of the enemy, as she had no one to encourage her, she would become weary and faint in her mind, and thus give up the pursuit of piety. Such, indeed, I afterward learned was the case. Early the next morning I left my uncle's. Many of the family were bathed in tears. I reached home just at sunset. My friends were preparing to go to camp meeting, in Westmoreland, near the spot where I was converted. I went with them, having peculiar sensations of joy and gratitude. This was an encouraging season, though I did not enjoy that depth of communion with God which I desired. Several were awakened and converted at this meeting.

After this I attended our quarterly meeting, which was held in Augusta. In the love-feast my mind was deeply impressed that, if I would ask the brethren to make a covenant to pray twice a day for sinners in our place, we should have a revival. One had just experienced religion, and our society was unusually engaged. The preachers on the circuit, Jones and Baker, were "zealously affected in the good cause" of Christ, so that we had much to encourage us. But the cross of formally submitting this proposition appeared very great, and I reasoned in my own mind on the propriety of doing it, until I thought, surely it cannot belong to *me*. I wished some one would make the proposition, but while I sat trembling under the

cross, it occurred to me that very possibly no other person in the house had the like impression; and the love I felt for the cause, with a sense of the worth of souls, prompted me to arise, and, in the strength of God, do what I thought to be my duty. Almost every person in the assembly joined in the covenant, and I have no doubt it was ratified in heaven. The work commenced that very evening at our prayer meeting, and five were awakened and converted. The revival continued until about thirty professed a gracious change, several of whom joined our society; and though we have had to mourn over the backslidings of some, others caused us much joy by doing honour to their profession.

CHAPTER IX.

ILLNESS—VARIOUS INCIDENTS AND EXERCISES.

In the spring of 1824 my health was very poor, and though I could do but little, I rejoiced that my condition was no worse; that I could attend the means of grace; and that I had better opportunity for reading and mental improvement.

Aug. 28. A camp meeting was held about a mile from our village. I was able to go out of the tent but little, except to hear preaching, but the presence of God was manifested at the prayer meetings held at our tent, especially

in my own soul; so that, at times, I was overwhelmed with the divine glory, and felt renewed in perfect love. Surely God was in the congregation of his saints! There were but few conversions, and we were considerably disturbed by the wicked, especially on the sabbath; and yet I think I can truly say, I was never at a better camp meeting, so far at least as my own soul was concerned. The work of grace appeared to be deepened in the hearts of professors generally; and we were all encouraged to prosecute the heavenly journey.

While at this meeting a worthy correspondent, whom I had never before seen, came from Lake Erie to see us. She remained till the conclusion of the meeting, and then, with her companion, made us an agreeable visit at our own house. O, how sweet and tender are the ties of Christian friendship!

Nov. 20. I was severely afflicted with lameness, yet could walk a little; and felt to give glory to God that I was not confined to a bed of languishing, nor deprived of the use of my reason. Yes, I blessed God even in the midst of excruciating pain. I sometimes thought it would not be long before I should be called to pass over the Jordan of death. But my heart was fixed, trusting in the living God. I could not fear that which would terminate in my greatest advantage, and serve to enhance my eternal felicity.

Jan. 1, 1825. I have just heard of the death of cousin Rhoda Root, sister to Minerva, of

whose death I have before spoken, and wife to the same husband. She experienced religion in 1816, and became a member of the church. Some time after this she went to live with her sister in Hamilton, and there got into a cold, backslidden state. The fall before her death, when her health was in a decline, she visited us, and manifested such perfect resignation to the divine will, that we had no doubt but God had restored unto her the joys of his salvation. During her last sickness she suffered much, not being able to lie down in bed for twelve or fourteen days and nights. But her soul was so transported with the joys of heavenly love, that it was not unusual for her to break out, even in the midst of her paroxysms of distress, in singing and shouting the praises of her almighty Redeemer. Her last words were, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men."

In the evening brother G. preached a funeral sermon for her, but did not have that liberty in speaking I could have wished; and, in consequence of fatigue and a severe pain in my head, every thing appeared to wear a gloomy and melancholy aspect; so that I returned home much depressed in spirits. The enemy now took advantage of my weakness, telling me, I should soon have to follow my departed cousin, and that in all probability my sufferings would be even greater than hers. I retired, but slept very little; and the next day my nervous system was sadly excited. I often retired for

secret prayer, but found no relief. Still, strange as it may appear, my faith was not in the least shaken; nor had I any fear of death; but was anxious solely on account of sufferings which I *might* pass through previously to my dissolution! I would then think how mercifully the Lord supported cousin Rhoda, and concluded he would do the same for me if I did but trust in him. The tempter next suggested that if I died, my body would be surreptitiously taken up for dissection, an idea inexpressibly revolting to my feelings. Thus I continued, tortured and harassed by an insidious foe, for several days, during which time my flesh wasted, my strength failed, and I was quite sure I could not long live in that condition. One evening, as I retired, I earnestly besought the Lord to deliver my soul; and though I obtained no satisfactory answer, I was fully resolved to cast my burden upon God's almighty arm. In this frame I laid me down, soon fell asleep, and rested quietly during the night. In the morning I awoke much refreshed, with these words running through my mind:

"I shall suffer and fulfil
All my Father's gracious will;
Be alike in all resign'd—
Jesus' is a patient mind."

I said, "This is all I want: if I can but be fully resigned, 'tis enough." My soul was immediately filled with divine consolation; and if at any time thereafter I was tempted to think about my prospective sufferings, I would im-

mediately reflect that I should have no more to pass through than my heavenly Father saw would be for the best. Hence I could say, "Not my will, but thine be done." And the temptation respecting the possible disposition to be made of my body I met by saying, "I have nothing to do with that: I know in whom I have believed, and am persuaded he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day"—the day of glorious resurrection. Thus, in the strength of God, I vanquished the tempter.

Feb. 6th, I was much out of health, yet able to attend the worship of God. Brother C. Northrop, one of our circuit preachers, delivered a discourse on these words: "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and it appeared to me that he not only knew my exercises, but intended to preach applicably to my case. It was a solemn and profitable time to me and many others. I have not heard a sermon since, and probably never shall hear another, but the remembrance of that one is still sweet. In the class meeting that followed the sermon, God manifested himself still more gloriously in our midst. My hope was full of immortality, and my soul sunk away into the embraces of its God.

Thursday 10th, I went to prayer meeting, and my brethren as well as myself realized the quickening influences of the divine Spirit, and

covenanted anew to be more faithful. I felt that trials awaited me, and particularly desired an interest in the prayers of God's people. That my request was complied with I am not permitted to doubt, for I have felt myself remarkably supported.

Saturday 12th, not being able to attend quarterly meeting, I went and stayed with sister Cook, living near by. As neither of us could do much except converse respecting the blessings of God to us, we "rejoiced in hope," realizing that while our outward strength was gradually failing, "the inner man" was constantly accumulating spiritual vigour. In the evening we joined in thanksgiving to God for his benefits received, and our souls were made to rejoice with "joy unspeakable."

Sunday 13th. Still with sister C., whose health is yet more feeble. The day seemed rather long and gloomy. In the evening brother Isaac Stone preached, but my health was so poor that I thought it not best to go out. Still, that Being who is omniscient as well as omnipresent regarded us in our afflictions, came to our relief, and permitted us to enjoy one of the most agreeable and interesting seasons I have ever experienced. To his name be all the glory!

Monday 14th. Brother Stone called at our house this morning, and, after a little conversation, read several accounts from the Methodist Magazine respecting the work of God among the natives of the forest: it seemed to me like

a little love-feast. I wept, rejoiced, and thanked God for his abounding grace. Though much more indisposed this morning, my soul was happy in God and perfectly resigned to his blessed will.

Wednesday 16th, brother Giles visited us, and gave me many precious promises from the book of God, which were like healing balm to an aching wound. On Friday, brother Ephraim Hall came and administered a little consolation, and then fervently prayed that the will of the Lord might be done. On bidding me farewell, he said, "Remember the words of David, 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want,'" &c. These words have often since been an inexpressible comfort to my soul. Many friends visited me this week, several of whom had never experienced religion; and it was the delight of my soul to proclaim to them the loving kindness of the Lord.

Sunday 20th. This has been a happy day to my soul. In the afternoon several young persons, members of our society, came to see me. We prayed together, and the Lord gave us a refreshing shower. O, what a strong attachment I feel to the dear children of God! How they twine around my heart! Nor is it any wonder: they are the children of my faith and prayers. How they weep around my bed, and pray, if it can be consistent with the divine will, that I may be restored to health! and should I ever be, I shall think it chiefly in answer to prayer. However, I feel perfectly

resigned to the will of God, knowing that "for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Sunday 27th. I am still growing weaker, yet the Lord is my support. He is my all in life and death, in time and eternity. I have every thing I need—Christian friends—praying brethren—affectionate relatives—the necessary comforts of life; yes, and *good afflictions* to wean me from this sinful world. Blessed be God for all! That dear man, brother Giles, has been again to see us; and while he read and prayed, the glory of God seemed to cover us. God of love, make us more holy, and then we shall be more happy!

March 6th. It will be six weeks to-morrow since I was confined to the house, and mostly to my bed. To-day brother C. and brother A., our class leader, called to see me. Having prayed with me, and being about to take their leave, they remarked, it was rather their opinion that the Lord would restore me to health again. I told them I did not know how that might be, but could say, "The will of the Lord be done." But I must confess so great was the pressure on my lungs, that "their words seemed like an idle tale." After they were gone, as I lay ruminating on the subject, the following words occurred to my mind with singular force: "Seeing their faith, he said unto the sick of the palsy, Thy sins are forgiven thee;" after which he healed him. And how do I know, thought I, but these brethren have faith? To be sure I do not positively know, but the presumption is,

that they only have a *desire*. Immediately the following words were applied: "The desire of the righteous shall be granted," and, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick."

It is now twelve days since they were here, and I have gained strength almost constantly; so that I am able to sit up most of the time; but whether I shall finally recover is known only to Him with whom the future is as the past. I daily see my unworthiness, and feel my utter helplessness; but God is all in all, and in him I continually trust; so that whether I live or die I hope to be his.

March 24th. This morning I am surrounded with temptations, and find it a hard matter to keep my affections on things above. Both body and mind are weak, and seem to tend to earth. O, why this "looking at things that are seen"—things temporal and perishing? My father has let out his farm to my brother William, and bought another about a fourth of a mile nearer the village. I am too feeble to be removed, and must stay where I am till I have more strength—if indeed I ever have before mortality is swallowed up of life. But this severing of the family is very painful to me. I expect to tabernacle here but a few more days, and should be glad could we all live together while I remain. Be this however as it may, I trust we shall so live on earth as to live together in heaven. All are now members of the society except my brother W., and I hope I shall see him converted before I go hence to be here

no more: and though my eyes are now a fountain of tears, I do hope in God that I shall yet praise him, for I know when I am tried I shall come forth as gold.

March 25th. Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh again in the morning. Yes, blessed be God, the Sun of righteousness has dispersed those clouds that hung over my sky yesterday, and my glad soul mounts upward on the wings of faith, so that with inexpressible delight I am permitted to view "the things that are eternal."

March 28th. My health is a little better, though I still need much grace, and must exercise a constant reliance on the divine arm for support. To-day my parents and my youngest brother and sister have moved, and I am left with sister P. till the weather is more favourable. My room has been mostly stripped of its furniture; and while looking at its naked walls, I have been reminded of my native nothingness. Another trivial occurrence led to a most solemn train of reflection. My brother was engaged in clearing out the cellar, and the first dirt he threw into the measure sounded like clods falling upon the lid of a coffin, which turned my meditations to my own dissolution. I thought, how will my relatives and friends feel when they see the earth thrown upon my lifeless form? Will they not breathe a sigh and shed a tear, while they say, Lucy has gone to *her* Saviour and *our* Saviour, to *her* God and *our* God? And am I prepared to go? If not

afraid to die, am I not afraid to be dead? Blessed be God, "perfect love casteth out fear." I felt that death was to me a vanquished foe. As yet, however, I am not called to die, but only to be in readiness; as I know not the day nor the hour in which the Son of man cometh. Hold out then, O my soul, a little longer! Bear patiently the infirmities of thy frail body! Submit cheerfully to the afflictions that befall thee; for it will be but a little time before thou shalt be honourably discharged from this militant state! Thy conflicts will then cease, and thou shalt enter into joys immortal. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb for ever and ever!

29th. This morning when I awoke the bright luminary of day, emblem of the Sun of righteousness, had thrown his resplendent beams upon the naked walls of my apartment. I arose, and raised my grateful heart to my kind Preserver. Being much refreshed, and the day being very pleasant, I thought it probable that it would be judged the most suitable time for my removal. But how can I bear to leave this old habitation, where the Lord has so often blessed me? There is, indeed, scarcely a foot of the upper or lower floor upon which I have not knelt, and held communion with God. I knew God was the same in every place, and immediately felt these comforting words applied: "As thy days so shall thy strength be:" and, blessed be God, I have often realized the fulfilment of the promise. About ten o'clock, A. M., my bed was placed on the vehicle, and

with the necessary assistance, I was soon comfortably seated by the side of sister E., so that I reached our new residence with much less fatigue than I had anticipated. As, however, I never expected to return, my feelings can be better imagined than described.

After I had rested awhile, brother and sister Giles, in company with brother and sister Cook, came in; and I can never be sufficiently thankful for their comforting words and earnest prayers. O, how sacred and tender are the ties of Christian friendship! Several others visited me in the evening, with whom I took sweet counsel; but as health forbids my noting circumstances, I cannot record their names; though I shall always retain them on the imperishable tablet of my heart. May the Lord bless them and keep them as the apple of his eye!

April 1st. We had a prayer meeting at our house, and it was a good time; for our souls were greatly refreshed. I told the brethren they need not be afraid that their animated exercises would harm me; for I believed it would do me good to hear them shout the praises of God even upon the highest key. And when I sympathized with them in their joyous emotions, it was like cordial to the fainting soul; though I had not been left comfortless a moment during all my afflictions.

April 5th. This morning, for the first time in six weeks, I trod the native soil, and went forth to trace the footsteps of my God and Father.

All nature seemed to rejoice at the return of spring; the little warblers of the forest especially seemed disposed to "try their choicest strains." Still it was a day of some trial to me; for ever since my health began to improve, my mind has, at different times, been exercised on the subject of collecting my writings together and arranging them something in the form of a journal. Sometimes I almost reason myself into the propriety of it; but when I consider there is nothing remarkable in my experience, and that what I have written was for my own private benefit only, I think, surely it cannot be my duty; and thus reason myself out of it again. But when my thoughts take this turn, both body and mind are afflicted; while, on the other hand, when I conclude to proceed, I am not only comforted and strengthened, but past occurrences are brought as vividly to my recollection as if they had transpired but yesterday! This seems something like an indication of duty, and Omniscience only knows how many tears I have shed on account of it. Whether, however, I shall ever accomplish any thing time must determine; though the present inclination of my mind is to cherish the impression. Surely I would glorify God both in soul and body, for both are his.

April 16th. My mind has been variously exercised for some days past. Now and then I have had a pleasant gale, which has seemed to waft me near the haven of eternal repose; and then again I have been forced out to sea, amidst

"waves, and clouds, and storms." But in the midst of all I have had an unshaken confidence in God; and whether the waves ran high or low, I felt an uninterrupted calm within. Here, then, is the true excellence of religion. To me it is no wonder that Job said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I feel an indescribable happiness in giving up myself entirely into the hands of my blessed Redeemer. To know that he is mine and I am his, and shall be his for ever, fills me with astonishment, love, and praise.

To-day I have been under the disagreeable necessity of reproving a dear sister in the church for being so much attached to the pleasures of this vain world. At first she appeared hard, though she said but little in her own defence; but when I entreated her with tears I saw there was a degree of tenderness in her feelings; and the next sabbath she made a most humble and satisfactory confession. O Lord, help her ever to realize that "the friendship of the world is enmity with God!"

Sunday 17th. The morning being fine, I walked out to take the air, and had just seated myself a few rods from the door, when brother Z. Paddock, one of the circuit preachers, came and joined our little company. His words were rendered a peculiar blessing to me. After mentioning the Lord's dealings with his afflicted people, he proceeded to remark, that if we considered these chastisements as coming from the hand of a paternal Being, and exer-

cised toward that Being the appropriate moral feelings, they would "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." On the other hand, if these afflictions are regarded as the offspring of chance, or the expression of God's vindictive displeasure, they only tend to sour the mind and harden the heart. He also mentioned a passage in Mr. Whitefield's sermon on "glorifying God in the fire," in which the author says, that when in England, he visited a glass factory, and that he saw some of the workmen removing the partially finished ware from one burning oven to another. On inquiry, he found this was done to temper it and make it transparent. Mr. W. then lifted his heart in prayer, and said, "O God, cause my soul to pass from one burning oven to another till it is completely purified and fully prepared for thy blessed use." "But," said brother P., "our afflictions must be sanctified; otherwise they will do us no good."

I felt the force of every word, and, after the family went to meeting, bowed before the Lord and began to pray that he would sanctify afflictions to my spiritual good, and that he would take me, if necessary, out of one oven and put me into another till my soul should be fully purified and fraught with the excellence of divine love. In a moment I was so overwhelmed with the divine presence, that I could say nothing but "glory, glory!" It was indeed a "weight of glory," under which it would seem my frail tabernacle must dissolve, and allow the

spirit to return to the bosom of its God! When, however, I came to reflect that I was specially charged by my physician to exercise but little, and called to remembrance the pressure that I felt at my lungs in the morning, I endeavoured to restrain my feelings: but O, it was all glory! Awhile after I prepared a little refreshment; and I shall never forget with what thankfulness I partook of it, mingling the whole with tears. I then lay down, but my soul was so joyful that I arose and made a brief memorandum of my exercises; and, feeling impressed to do so, sent it to brother Paddock at the close of the morning services. He afterward told me it was rendered a great blessing to him. The enemy of my soul soon tempted me to think I had exercised so much that I should not soon get over it: but, blessed be God, instead of losing, I find I have acquired strength, soul and body, and am determined, more than ever, to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. O the unfathomable depths of Jesus' love! Lord, ever keep me in this channel, and then I shall "rejoice evermore, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks."

25th. I have had severe conflicts to-day, and have been more tempted to a light and trifling spirit than for weeks before, and feel sensible I have yielded too much. But I soon saw my error, cried to the Lord for deliverance, and hope I shall have grace to be more watchful in future.

May 4th. Rode out this morning, and am

but little fatigued. It has seemed to me, for several days, that perhaps my work is not yet done. Although feeble, I can with pleasure employ my pen a little occasionally; and what makes it a pleasure is, I feel it to be a duty. I now, more than ever, see the hand of God in my afflictions, feel that they have been sanctified to my good, and hope hereafter to make a right use of all I suffer or enjoy; so that I may glorify and enjoy God now and evermore. Amen.

CHAPTER X.

RETURNING HEALTH—VARIOUS EXERCISES AND INCIDENTS.

May 20th. My health continues to improve, and I have this day been permitted to visit my brother and sister at the old house. My feelings, on entering the various apartments, were singularly tender and pleasurable. I said to myself, Here is the place where I cried unto the Lord in my distress, when it seemed that the very pains of hell gat hold on me; and here is where my soul has often been comforted and blest; and here I have mournfully enjoyed communion with my Lord, while suffering severe bodily afflictions; and here I have enjoyed sweet fellowship with the saints. My heart was full. I fell upon my knees and craved a blessing, while I felt in my soul the warmest emotions of gratitude. And may the Lord

help me to spend the rest of my days in his service, and improve them to the best possible advantage!

29th. Blessed be God, I have this day enjoyed one more sabbath of rest in the temple of prayer! I sat under the droppings of the sanctuary, and was refreshed. In class I rejoiced that my brethren were standing fast, striving together for the faith of the gospel, though apparently not quite as zealous as they were the last time I met with them. O Lord, revive thy work both in their hearts and mine; so that we may be prepared to live or fitted to die!

June 12th. I have this day been blessed with an opportunity of hearing brother Paddock preach on "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom." And O how did my heart expand with a desire for a more perfect knowledge and a deeper experience in the things of God! I see and feel my poverty, while I realize that "Wisdom is justified of her children:" but take encouragement when I reflect that the "only wise God our Saviour," "giveth liberally and upbraideth not." I feel the work of grace going on in my heart, and can truly say,

> "None but Christ to me be given,—
> None but Christ in earth or heaven."

19th. For a few days past I have been led to examine my heart very closely, as I have had some trials from a near friend. These, however, serve only as a spur to drive me nearer the throne of grace. Last evening

three or four of us joined in solemn prayer, and the place was indeed a little bethel to our souls. Heaven seemed near while we poured out our souls for the salvation of poor perishing sinners. To-day (sabbath) I have not been permitted to meet with my brethren, but have not been deprived of the presence of God. No: glory to his holy name, in secret prayer I have enjoyed sweet communion with the adorable Jesus; and, while contemplating his charms, have anticipated the day when I shall be associated with his people in unbroken fellowship and unending praises. How then can I regret the speedy lapse of time?

July 21st. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies bestowed upon one of the unworthiest of all his creatures? My health is greatly improved. Surely the least I can do is, to give him my whole heart. How far I come short in this, Lord, thou knowest: and it is a satisfaction to me that thou dost know; for "thou knowest that I love thee," and that it is my one desire to serve and glorify thee. And yet I often fear I shall not live answerably to the blessings I daily receive. God of love, help me!

Last week I visited my brethren at Sauquoit, and though they have their trials on account of the declension of religion in that place, yet the Lord manifested his presence to a few of us who joined in prayer at the house of brother Giles. It was indeed a season of refreshing to our souls.

Yesterday I went with cousin P., who has been much afflicted, to visit cousin E. I fear, however, that those afflictions have not had their designed effect. I found it a very easy matter to converse with them about any thing except religion: but as soon as I introduced this, or attempted to speak of our own or other's mortality, another subject was immediately and with singular dexterity substituted: an evidence this that their hopes and prospects are still earth-bound. O when will they learn to be wise, and seek a better good than this poor world can, by any possibility, afford!

August 1st. I have just returned from camp meeting, and though, humanly speaking, I have been much exposed, yet I am in better health than when I went. "Who shall harm us if we be followers of that which is good?" Though I did not enjoy as much as at some other times, it was a great and good meeting. To myself, indeed, it was profitable; for I was quickened, comforted, and encouraged to seek after more of the mind that was in Christ. There were not far from fifty conversions, and many left the ground sorrowing on account of their sins. This evening my soul has been wonderfully blessed in secret prayer. O God, I know that thou art mine, and I am thine, and believe I shall be to all eternity!

21st. Since I wrote last I have been closely pursued by the enemy of all righteousness, and have had sore trials to pass through; yet the Lord has mercifully appeared for my deliver-

ance. Glory be to his name for ever! The quarterly meeting I attended in Augusta was rendered a great blessing to my soul, as was the covenant we made in our own society to pray for more religion. The latter, in particular, was so profitable, that yesterday our leader, brother Addington, proposed a renewal of it; when the Spirit of God was poured out, his glory filled the temple, and the cup of our joy was made to run over; so that many of our neighbours hastened to see what was the matter! God of benevolence, hasten the time when they shall consent to drink of the same rivers of pleasure!

Oct. 3, 1825. I am this day thirty-three years old; and though I have not written for some time, my spiritual birth-day has not been forgotten; nor have I been altogether insensible of the mercies received. I have been on a very pleasant journey down the Susquehannah, which has proved advantageous to both soul and body. I found my old friends (dear father West's family) very comfortably and pleasantly situated. I went with them to class and prayer meeting, and rejoiced that there were so many in that place who loved the gates of Zion. It was indeed hard parting with my dear sister L.; but we anticipated the day when, if faithful, we shall meet to part no more. This morning my soul is much drawn out in prayer for a deeper work of grace. O that I may now be filled with the Holy Ghost!

Nov. 24th. A day of public thanksgiving.

As an individual, I think I feel unfeignedly grateful for the temporal and spiritual blessings I enjoy. Still I am too cold. O for a seraph's heart, and a seraph's lay! Though we have to mourn over the backslidings of some of the youth in our society, who appear to be "lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," yet we are favoured with seasons of spiritual refreshment. May we be truly thankful! For myself, how many soever rise up and oppose "the good old way," I am determined to "walk therein;" for it is only in so doing that I expect to find rest to *my* soul.

Dec. 10th. Attended a quarterly meeting at Westmoreland. It was a blessed season to my soul, and I think I never felt a greater attachment to the blessed Saviour and his dear people. At no former period did the doctrine of Christian holiness appear more excellent: and although I do not enjoy that fulness which is my privilege, yet I am seeking after it. Many times, indeed, my cup of joy runneth over; and I read my title clear to the mansions of rest. Even this day, I "stand and rejoice in the hope of the glory of God."

Jan. 1, 1826. One week ago this day we held a love-feast, and had the sacrament of the Lord's supper administered in our society. It was rather a dull time, and I did not get that blessing which my soul anxiously desired. However, we held a prayer meeting at our house in the evening, as we could not go to the chapel in consequence of rain, and the Lord

blessed my soul in a wonderful manner. To-day, through ill health, I am not permitted to meet with my brethren in the temple of the Lord; and yet I feel no disposition to complain Why should I? For several months past I have enjoyed sabbath and sanctuary privileges too precious ever to be forgotten. I have sometimes thought the Lord was preparing me for trials, but did not look for them in this way. My health has been so good that I could endure much fatigue, and perform a pretty good week's work. But the scene has changed, and dark clouds overcast my sky! I have a great oppression on my lungs, attended with considerable cough; and though I cannot foresee the issue, yet one thing, blessed be God, I can do—I can trust wholly in him. To me this is

> "More precious than silver or gold,
> Or all that this earth can afford."

Yes, I can trust in him for all things, knowing that "all things work together for good to them that love God." No matter then, O my soul, if thou canst not penetrate the "clouds and darkness round about the throne;" 'tis enough for thee to know that "righteousness and judgment" characterize the administration of Him that sitteth on the throne. Let the frail fabric fall—thou shalt then wing thy way, quick as thought, to glory and to God!

> "Let sickness blast, let death devour,
> If heaven must recompense our pains;
> Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
> If firm the word of God remains."

Jan. 7th. My brother William was married on the 4th instant to Miss M. Knights. I have had strength according to my day, being sufficiently well to attend the nuptial solemnities. But what is best of all, amidst the crowds attendant on the occasion, my soul was kept in perfect peace, and my mind calmly stayed upon God. To-day, in secret prayer, he has given me a fresh token of his love. Blessed be his name for ever and ever!

10th. Yesterday my brother moved his wife home, and had "the third part of the wedding," as they termed it. My two sisters, E. and M., went. To describe my feelings would be impossible. "My head was as waters, and mine eyes as a fountain of tears." Not particularly because they went; but from the reflection that time is short, eternity at hand, and the chief portion of the company seemed unconcerned respecting it. My brother J. is already gone: and, when he was a corpse, was laid in the very room where they are now assembled! Besides, that house has been for many years a house of prayer; and now it is devoted to eating and drinking, and making merry. In view of these facts I could not refrain from tears, and spent much of the evening in silent prayer. From that time to this (Jan. 21st) I have been able to do but little, being severely afflicted in various ways. But the Lord knoweth what is best, and doeth all things well. O that I may always feel as I now do—humble and resigned! and then all will be well.

Feb. 18th. I have again considerable pressure at my lungs. Others, however, suffer as well as myself. The influenza is remarkably prevalent in the whole neighbourhood. But how much less are we afflicted than we deserve! It is a time of general stupidity and declension in religion; and, since mercies have not led us to repentance, we may well look for judgments. May we all "learn righteousness," and turn unto him who chastens!

I have had several hard struggles with the enemy of late, and many times have found but little comfort in secret prayer, so that I have been tempted to give up the practice of it. Feeling no disposition to do this, however, I continued the struggle till I am at length made triumphant and filled with divine consolation. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

March 1st. To-day I went to see cousin H. S., who appears to be in the last stage of a pulmonary disease; but he is resigned and happy, ready and willing to depart and be with Christ. Such is the power of evangelical faith! I feel my mind tender and solemn, and, at the same time, rejoice that it is as well with me as it is. But, after all, how far beneath my privilege do I live! O, Jesus, raise me higher in the knowledge and enjoyment of thyself! I feel like the veriest worm of earth, dependant on thee for every mercy. Apart from grace, I am nothing, and have nothing. Surely, the last stone in

the spiritual edifice is to be brought forth with shoutings of "Grace, grace unto it!"

12th. We have this day been called to follow one of our neighbours to the tomb. When taken sick she was unprepared to meet God; but she earnestly sought, and we have reason to believe found, pardon and peace through the merits of a crucified Saviour. Her last words were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Brother Harmon preached an appropriate discourse on occasion of her death, at the Episcopal church, from Job xxx, 23: "I know thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living." Her husband was in great distress, but subsequently found peace, and became a member of our society.

For several days past I have felt rather stupid, and have not realized so much of the presence of God as I could wish. Sometimes I have thought it was owing to my bodily weakness, and at other times to the want of faith. But whatever has been the cause, I now feel greatly quickened, and am resolved, more than ever, to be a whole-hearted Christian.

April 9th. I have enjoyed another Christian sabbath, and have been permitted to join my brethren in the house of prayer. It was, indeed, a memorable time. Brother Harmon, though feeble in health, did great justice to those deep words of the apostle, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature," &c., 2 Cor. v, 17. I was led to look back more than six-

teen years, to the time when I experienced this new creation. But a consciousness that the work *had been* wrought was not my only consolation: my rejoicing was the testimony of a good conscience, while the Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of his. And I felt I should much rather die to-day, than backslide and wound the cause of God. Of this, however, there is no necessity. Even were I to live as long as did Enoch, it would be my duty as well as my privilege, like him to walk with God. O that every faculty of my soul may be awake to spiritual action!

Tuesday 11th, I visited Mrs. G., a Presbyterian, and sympathized with her in her afflictions. She is surrounded with much of this world's goods, but the consumption will soon, no doubt, remove her hence. She says that when she thinks of the sins she has committed since she became a professor, she is afraid: at other times the thought of death appears very pleasant. At her request I prayed with her, and found it a profitable time to my own soul. May the Lord cut short his work in righteousness, and prepare her for his heavenly kingdom!

21st. We have this day paid our last respects to the mortal remains of cousin H. S. His disease being a lingering consumption, many and severe were his afflictions; insomuch, that at times he was almost impatient to be gone. The last time I saw him was several days before his death. We talked a little about our mutual afflictions, and much about our heavenly inherit-

ance. Though he thought he should not live through the night, he was perfectly tranquil and happy, and maintained the same blessed frame of mind to the last. He died in the 26th year of his age. The Rev. Mr. Hollister, an Episcopal minister, preached the funeral sermon from John xi, 25, 26, "Jesus said unto him, I am the resurrection and the life," &c. It was a solemn and profitable season to my soul: indeed, I often find it more advantageous to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.

May 28th. I attended quarterly meeting in Utica. The last time I was there on a similar occasion, the following scripture would have been strikingly applicable: "By whom shall Jacob arise, for he is small?" but now one might exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" Within the last few months hundreds have been converted to God in the city and its neighbourhood; and it was truly animating to sit with them in love-feast, and hear them declare with so much simplicity and earnestness the wonderful works of God. The venerable Bishop M'Kendree, being present, preached in the forenoon with remarkable eloquence and impressiveness, on, "God so loved the world," &c. Bishop Hedding preached in the afternoon, but we could not stay to hear him. On our way home we stopped at a school-house, and heard brother W. M. Willet discourse from, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" My heart was truly humbled within me when I

realized that God, who is the best of beings, and the source of all true enjoyment, is *my* Father and *my* God. O who would not be a Christian! Who would not seek the friendship of him who always has been, and who always will be, willing to defend those who trust in him! Others may choose as they please, but with the prophet Jeremiah, I will say, "The Lord is my portion, therefore will I hope in him."

June 7th. I am again severely afflicted with a pain in my side; so that some of the time I am obliged to keep my bed. Still I rejoice that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Doubtless I needed checking a little. Having an opportunity to obtain a little money by sewing, I went quite beyond my strength; though I did not *design* to do wrong. It appeared reasonable that I should do all I could to maintain myself, and have a little to give for the support of the gospel. Possibly, however, had I spent a little time in visiting the sick, or in some other work of mercy, it might have been more pleasing to God as well as more conducive to health. Still I intended to do right; and if I erred, I can only say, "Father, forgive." And if he sees it not best to intrust me with health, I hope to be fully resigned; and finally to be saved, even though it be "as by fire." Afflictions, in themselves, do not possess any saving virtue. They are efficacious only as far as they lead one to trust in the "Hope of Israel." Thus sanctified, they "work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal

weight of glory." And I have no doubt that thousands will bless God in eternity, that they were made to "pass through the fire and through the flames."

June 12th. This afternoon I have been to visit dear brother Smith,* who, for months past, has been in a decline. Though in much bodily pain, he was measurably resigned to the will of Heaven. Still he felt greatly distressed in view of his past unfaithfulness and consequent unworthiness. He was reminded that looking at his own unworthiness would do him no good; but that he must look to Christ, remembering that his blood *alone* "cleanseth from all sin." Here was his only hope—his only refuge. He rejoiced at intervals, and then again doubts seemed to trouble him. I retired in secret, and felt my heart much drawn out in prayer that he might find full redemption before we left. Several of our brethren being present, brother S. desired that prayer might be offered on his behalf. After singing, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," &c., we joined in prayer for him, and the divine presence seemed to fill the place. With the greatest apparent emotion he exclaimed, "Glory, glory, glory to God!" He then said, "I thank thee, O blessed Father, for this unspeakable privilege. Thou hast sent my

* Seth Smith, father of A. W. Smith, the able professor of natural philosophy and astronomy in the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. A particular account of the death of this excellent man will be found in the ninth volume of the Methodist Magazine, pp. 397, 398.—Ed.

brethren and sisters here to pray for me; and truly they have brought with them the great Physician; the Physician of soul and body, for I am now free from pain and filled with divine consolation." He proceeded to pray most fervently for himself and family, thanking God for every temporal and spiritual mercy, and especially for the conversion of his eldest son, then in college, and prayed that he might be a blessing to his widowed mother, when his father was no more, aiding her in instructing and training up his younger brothers and sisters in the ways of religion and virtue; at the same time expressing the strongest assurance that God would bring all his children to the knowledge of the truth. He then concluded by praying for the world lying in wickedness, for the church in general, and for those in particular with whom he was more immediately connected in Christian fellowship. We bade him farewell, and when we left the house the last words we heard him say were, "Glory to God!" I shall reckon this day among the happiest and most profitable of my whole life.

"My life, O Lord, I would anew devote to thee,
And in thy service spend a long eternity."

21st. What surprising doctrinal errors are propagated in these days! On Saturday I visited sister White, a young convert, who informed me that she had just attended a conference meeting conducted by the Rev. Mr. Weeks, and that in the course of his observations he said, that he wondered how the sinner dared to ask

the Christian to pray for him; that he thought it highly presumptuous; that God's perfections would be as much glorified in his damnation as salvation; and, that the Christian would be as likely to pray him to hell as to heaven! It seems to me that a theory more directly adapted to ruin souls could hardly be devised.

23d. Visited brother Smith again, and found him happy in God. Though suffering in body, he has the victory over death, hell, and the grave. He said these were his happiest days, and that he had never before enjoyed such spiritual blessings as since our last meeting. It was really animating to hear him, though with a feeble voice, say, "Not my will, but thine, O God, be done!" while his countenance seemed to reflect the glory of God. I have no doubt that he is wholly sanctified, and made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light. He continued in the same happy frame till the 7th of July, when he went to join the company who minister before the throne of light. How desirable to die the death of the righteous! May I so live that my last end may be like his! Brother Z. Paddock, of Utica, preached at his funeral on Sunday the 9th, to a large, attentive, and deeply affected congregation, after which he was interred in a plat of ground previously selected by himself for that purpose from his own farm.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNEYS—SICKNESS—RETURNING HEALTH—MISCELLANEOUS REFLECTIONS, EXERCISES, AND INCIDENTS.

Monday, July 17th, I went with two of my cousins on a visit to Sullivan and Fenner, where we spent nearly a week. While here I found it rather difficult always to obtain a closet at my stated hours of prayer; but I did not forget the Lord, nor did he forsake me. No; glory to his holy name, my soul was kept in perfect peace. I found cousin Eliza's health much impaired, and was glad she was not wholly insensible of her lost condition. She told me she read the Bible every day, but dare not pray. When I tried to persuade her to "seek that she might find," she said she was afraid to promise lest she should not perform. O how many different ways has Satan to ensnare precious souls! (See the last part of chapter viii.)

On Wednesday we went to see the falls of Chittenango Creek, in Fenner. The scene was truly grand. One could scarcely look upon the foaming waters, dashing with restless fury over the craggy rocks, and tumbling into the frightful chasm below, without exclaiming, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!" Surely atheism must be blind to the world of wonders in which we live. My cousin pointed out to me a lad, who, a few days

before, accidentally fell about eighty feet down the precipice, and crawled back again without being seriously injured!

23d. At home and able to attend the morning service. In class meeting we had a comfortable time; and though I felt that afflictions awaited me, my soul was happy in God. I told the brethren, that should I be called to pass through the valley and shadow of death, I feared no evil; for I believed God would guide me safely through. O religion, thou precious balm!

July 27th. Considerable oppression on my lungs—sent for a physician—and, for the first time, allowed a vein to be opened. This afforded me some relief; yet fearful apprehensions were entertained that I should have the dropsy. To me this was indeed a very trying thought; for I had previously concluded that the consumption would terminate my days: but when I reflected that I was no better than other human beings who had fallen victims to death in this way; that my heavenly Father knew what was best; and that his grace would be sufficient for me, I found it easy to submit to the divine arrangements. It really seemed to me that my afflictions were traceable to the same agency as in the case of Job; for as I lay ruminating on the subject, Satan appeared to my imagination as standing a little to my left and conversing with a person on my right, who seemed to be my only advocate. The former said to the latter, "I know she has been patient and resigned under former afflictions, but touch

her in a different manner, and she will murmur and complain." The latter said, "Try her, and see." I was now fully conscious that I should be called to pass through great bodily afflictions; but whether it would be unto death or not, did not in the least concern or trouble me; for I felt an unshaken confidence in God. And now with tears of gratitude would I record, that amidst all, he was indeed my "sun and shield."

Sunday, Aug. 13th. I have never before been called to suffer as much in one week, as during the last. My father came into the room at the close of the meeting, and after some conversation respecting the probability of my recovery, asked me if I were ready to go; adding, "It is a great thing to die." I told him I thought I was, and that if I were called that night, I had no doubt it would be well with me. Though I had a deep sense of my unworthiness, yet I fully believed that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven the "iniquity of my sin," and prepared me for a place in his heavenly kingdom: consequently, I was not afraid to die.

18th. My disorder increases, and I have no idea of being restored; but the prospect of death is pleasant. My sister E. kindly came home to assist me in dividing my things, as a small part of my preparation for leaving the world. It seemed like a great task to confine my mind to matters of this sort; and having exhausted a particular kind of alleviating medicine, I was quite sensible that, without the

supporting grace of God, I could not go through with the fatigues of the day. For this, therefore, I prayed, and the Lord imparted all I could desire; so that had I been called at evening I could, with St. Paul, have most cheerfully said, "I am now ready to be offered."

26th. A little more comfortable, and some of my symptoms rather more favourable. Brother Harmon stayed with us last night. After a little conversation, he prayed most fervently for my recovery; that my disorder might be speedily checked, and that I might be restored to the family. As far as I could discern, I thought I had never heard a prayer that appeared more consistent with the will and word of God; and yet there seemed so little ground for the exercise of faith that I saw not how to believe.

29th. Symptoms still more favourable, though it seems hardly possible for me to recover. My brethren, however, do not give me up, but think I shall yet be partially restored. Nothing affects me so much as their friendly prayer and sympathetic tears. If I have the least desire to remain on earth, it is that I may encourage my Christian friends, and otherwise be instrumental in doing good. In my view, the world lost its charms years since. My relatives and friends, however dear to me, have by no means the highest seat in my affections. Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, is enthroned there. He is my all. How often has he soothed my mind and comforted me upon the bed of languishing! I would be with him and

behold his glory. A few days since, after conversing with several young friends, and while they were yet sitting round the room, I had such a prospect of "being for ever with the Lord," and of sharing the felicities of the heavenly world, that I was almost utterly overwhelmed by the soul-inspiring vision.

Sept. 2d. As I was sitting up this evening to have my bed made, I took the Bible and opened at the one hundred and third Psalm, third verse, "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases," &c. I thought, What can this mean? I know that all my "iniquities" are "forgiven;" but all my "diseases" are not "healed." Will they be healed? Shall I be restored? My physician not only speaks more encouragingly, but there is an evident abatement in the violence of my disease. This favourable change I cannot but regard as having occurred in answer to prayer. Had my brethren let go their hold on the divine promises, had they ceased to intercede for me, I should, in all probability, have been called hence ere this. If I am still spared, Lord, I would be thine—wholly thine.

"And if so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am!"

Sept. 9th. Yesterday and to-day we have had no company. The time has, however, passed

away very pleasantly in meditation and prayer; and my soul is exceedingly happy in God. In the evening brother Allen preached at our house, and I once more had the inexpressible privilege of hearing the gospel. O that I may profit by every means of grace with which I am indulged! Several came into my room, some of whom were unconverted: these just looked at me, and then at one another, and silently withdrew. O how I longed for their salvation! Sister B. still weeps over me; but my soul rejoices. God is love. My evidence of acceptance with him is as clear as the noon-day sun. All I want, is to be like him. When the company retired I was much fatigued, but soon found refreshment in

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

19th. The venerable Bishop George stayed with us last night, and gave us a most pleasing account of the work of God among the Indians of Upper Canada. The religion of Christ has indeed made them new creatures. They are abandoning their filthy, vicious, and indolent habits, and bringing forth the fruits of civilization and righteousness. For my encouragement the bishop told me the plan that he adopted when sick: "First," said he, "I give up every thing, get my heart right into heaven, and my soul happy in God. And then I sing, and shout, and pray, and preach, till sometimes the people think I am going crazy. But I know what I am about—I am going to heaven!" His

appropriate and highly animated communications were singularly edifying and comforting.

Though my general health is improving, I have, during the last two days, had a distressing pain in my face and neck. Last night it was very severe. When I attempted to pray I could not keep my thoughts collected. All was pain and distraction. And now, "the enemy came in like a flood." He suggested that I had professed to be as willing to suffer as to enjoy; and now because I could get no rest, I was disposed to pray that the pain might be removed! What glaring inconsistency! I, however, met the enemy by saying, "It is my duty to use the means, whether it be prayer or some thing else; and when I have done this, it is *then* my duty to be patient and resigned under all the pain that God may see best to inflict." But when I arose in my bed, and began to pray, he told me I was presumptuous, and that such was my weakness I should not get over the effort in several days. I resolved, however, to try the strength of prayer; and the more I prayed the more collected my thoughts became, and the greater was my freedom from bodily suffering. Finally the enemy fled, my disordered system became quiet, and I laid me down and slept in peace! To some this may seem a very trivial occurrence. Be it so, and what then? Is it not a proof, that God hears and answers prayer? If the very hairs of our head are all numbered, is it unreasonable to presume that our heavenly Father will interpose for the relief

of an individual, however humble, as well as for the deliverance of kingdoms and empires? "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

Sept. 22d. Seventeen years ago this day God for Christ's sake pardoned my sins. I have been taking a solemn review of my past life, and of the mercy shown to me, a poor, fallen, depraved sinner. While I have much cause for humiliation before God, I am constrained to bless him for all his goodness. How innumerable and invaluable his gifts! My heart melts at the remembrance of them. He bore with my evil manners almost seventeen years. When I repented, he pardoned me, and made me a child of his. Ought I not, then, to bless him? But this is not all: for seventeen years he has kept me from falling; so that I have never lived a day without prayer, esteeming religion my chief good, however small my proficiency therein; and, though surrounded with infirmities and afflictions, I continue to witness that "God is love." In the most trying hour his grace has hitherto been sufficient. Ah, yes, how many times have I been put into the furnace; and now, having passed through the fire unharmed, let me give glory to my Almighty Deliverer! Hold out, then, my soul, a little longer. Bear patiently a few more pains and conflicts, and thy warfare will be ended. Eternity, with all its glorious and blissful realities, will soon be disclosed to thy view, and thou shalt then wake up in the likeness of the adora-

ble Redeemer. O, to be like him! To see him as he is, all immortal, all divine! What a transporting thought! Who would not be a Christian? Who would not be willing to suffer even for ages, were it required, in view of the unwasting, unchanging, increasing felicities of eternity? Indeed, "the sufferings of the present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

October 3d. My health continues to improve slowly; so that yesterday I walked out into the door-yard. I have been sick ten weeks, confined to the house eight, and to my bed, chiefly, five. And is not the hand of God in all this? No doubt it is: I deeply realize it.

To-day father West and his wife, brother Cooley and his wife, have been to see us; and O, how many past occurrences did their visit bring to my recollection! Yes, these are they, who, with my parents, mourned over the follies and vanities of my childhood and youth: and when in my distress I cried unto the Lord, they poured forth their supplications in my behalf with strong cries and tears unto Him that is able to save. God heard and answered, and they rejoiced greatly in my deliverance. No doubt, however, they "rejoiced with trembling," lest I should fall from my steadfastness, as some prophesied I would: but though "faint," I am still "pursuing." Yes, and "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth,

nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus."

"Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror."

Oct. 13th. I got but little sleep last night, but my soul rejoices in prospect of that rest that remains to the people of God. Last evening some of our brethren and friends, who, in consequence of their removal, have been absent a long time, met at our house for prayer. The Lord be praised for all his mercies to us! I do not expect to see them again till we meet before the throne of God,—

"Where we shall see, and hear, and know,
All we desired or wish'd below;
And every power find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy."

Oct. 20th. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his blessings? How are his mercies multiplied, "fast as the minutes gently roll!" My health has been so far restored that I have been able to walk to brother Cook's. It is the Lord's doing, and quite marvellous in my eyes! Seventeen years ago to-day I joined the Methodist society in this place, and I rejoice that I am still a member. I feel an increasing attachment to the people, as well as to the doctrine and discipline of our church. Indeed, I am more and more convinced, every day, that if no other doctrine were preached, the world

would soon be converted to God. Sinners would see the propriety of the gospel system, and, instead of disputing about creeds, or excusing themselves on the ground of divine predestination, would hear with attention the glad news of salvation, repent with a godly sorrow for sin, believe with the heart unto righteousness, fear God and keep his commandments, and thus secure to themselves an interest in the kingdom of God. So would the earth be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Lord, hasten it in its time! Amen and amen!

29th. To-day, blessed be God, I have been able to meet my brethren in his sanctuary. In class I felt the quickening influences of the Holy Spirit, and rejoiced that I was again permitted to enjoy so great a privilege. Several have been added since I last attended meeting, and two gave in their names to-day. O that we may be helps to each other, endure to the end, and meet in heaven at last!

November 5th. Another precious season in the sanctuary of God. Surely "a day in his courts is better than a thousand." This evening in secret prayer I was greatly blessed, and the cry of my heart was, "O Lord, revive thy work!" I feel the great necessity of being in a state of constant preparation to depart this life, fully conscious that "in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh." Last night the Lord took one of our near neighbours, good old Mrs. Pierce, to himself. Her sufferings were

great, but she endured them patiently, so that death to her was no unwelcome messenger.

Dec. 17th. I heard brother Bowen preach on, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" The word was with power, and I felt much reproved for having done so little for God and his precious cause. In the course of his remarks the preacher observed something like this:— "The worst and most trying affliction the child of God can have here, is worth more than all the pleasures of the wicked." Such having been my own views for years, I thanked God with an audible voice: and, O, what unutterable sweetness filled my soul! With great pleasure and satisfaction I heard the word again in the evening.

I have been able to attend two or three prayer meetings of late. At one of them we were so much disturbed by some of the sons of Belial, that our brethren thought best to have recourse to the law: two young men were fined five dollars each, and several others, on promising amendment, were dismissed.

Dec. 22d. In consequence of my room undergoing certain repairs, I have written very little during the last two or three weeks. The time has, however, passed away very pleasantly. My health continues to improve, and I have made some profitable visits. I spent a day with cousin Harriet S., who appears to be hastening to the grave with consumption: but she maintains her integrity, and holds fast her confidence in God. What an unspeakable

consolation this to her pious and widowed mother!

When my room was completed, and my things put in order, I began to be seriously impressed that it was my duty to resume my pen. But the weather being rather cold, I excused myself, just as every sinner does when convinced of his duty: he means to repent, but takes his own time: thus I continued to defer what I ought to have done immediately. Besides, the cross of writing under the observation of the family rose like a huge mountain before me, while temptations came in like a flood. Not that I had any doubts respecting my duty, nor had I any intention of deferring it only for a very short time. But it appeared to me that should my parents question me on the subject of my writing, as very possibly they might, I could not muster confidence enough, so imperfect had been my life, to tell them the exact nature of my employment. Indeed, rather than do this I thought I would be willing to be confined to my room, if I could make such entries in my journals as I wished without their knowledge. What surprising indiscretion! A little past noon, the same day, I was violently seized with the prevailing epidemic; so that for three weeks I have not been able to leave my room, or scarcely to make the least addition to my manuscript. This affliction has been a deep lesson of instruction to me, and I hope by the grace of God to learn wisdom from the things I have suffered. Though I have deserved his

frowns, the Lord is still good to me. It may be called superstition, but I am fully impressed that had I obeyed the monitions of the Holy Spirit I should have been spared this tedious fit of sickness; yet

> "Pardon'd for all that I have done!
> My mouth as in the dust I hide;
> And glory give to God alone,—
> My God for ever pacified."

O when I look at self and sin, I cannot but admire the wonderful condescension of my adorable Redeemer! He, indeed, is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to the knowledge of the truth, and be saved. How often have I heard his voice, saying, in distinct and gracious accents, "This is the way; walk ye in it!" Still he whispers "peace" to my troubled soul, and permits me to anticipate the day when I shall be delivered from every clog and hinderance. Then, blessed be God, disease shall no longer prey upon "this frail frame,—this child of dust;" but "all immortal," I shall be for ever with the Lord. Rejoice, then, O my soul, amidst all thy sufferings and trials. A little longer, and it will not be said, "Arise, and bear thy cross and follow me;" but, "It is enough, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The prospect brightens; faith looks through the vista, and descries the heavenly city, the home of the way-worn wanderer! I shall soon be there.

"Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

January 19th, 1827. I have been more unwell for a few days past, but feel no disposition to complain. Indeed, I sometimes wonder that the Lord deals so kindly with me. After many prayers and tears I have ventured to open my burdened mind to my father on the subject of my diary, and have found much relief. What an invaluable blessing is parental instruction, when seasoned with grace! So highly do I esteem this precious gift, bestowed by Heaven, that I know not how to find language with which to express my sense of gratitude; and can only say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" May the Lord help me to profit by every mercy, and to learn humility from every chastisement!

A short time since, being asked by my mother what I would have to eat? I replied, "Why do you always ask me that question? Bring me what *you* think proper, and nothing further is necessary." But this morning my sister brought me what I judged improper in my present state to receive. My mother soon brought me some toast, and I could not help, now and then, dropping a tear of gratitude, when I reflected upon the kindness of my friends. I am sick so much, I was led to wonder that they have so much patience with me, though I do not mean to be difficult, or make any more trouble than is

strictly necessary. O that they may be blessed with "a hundred-fold in this world, and in the world to come with life everlasting!"

Feb. 4th. My bodily strength increases slowly, while my spiritual strength is renewed day by day. I feel much inward peace and joy, and find much pleasure in meditating on the doctrine of Christian holiness. The Lord often favours me with his quickening Spirit in secret prayer; and, of late, I have felt my heart more drawn out for the conversion of sinners in this place than for some time before. My parents are now at meeting, and my sisters have gone on a journey; so that I am left quite alone to-day. But Christ is with me; and surely this *is* "solitude sweetened."

"My constant companion;
O may we ne'er part!
All glory to Jesus—
He dwells in my heart!"

5th. When my parents returned from meeting, they told me that a young man stayed in class who appeared resolved to seek religion. Recollecting the exercises I had for him the night before, though wholly ignorant of the state of his mind, I could not refrain from tears.

9th. Blessed be God, the young man named above has passed from death unto life. Though more than a mile from him, I was engaged in secret prayer for his salvation; and from the best calculation I can make, it was at the very time of my intercession that God spoke peace to his soul! May I be encouraged to be not

only "instant," but *earnest* "in prayer." Last evening the young man in question went to meeting, and publicly acknowledged what God had done for him; so that when my father returned, he said, "D. is happy in the Saviour." O that this may be only as a drop before a plentiful shower! Sometimes I think I have faith to believe that it will be so: at other times I am less confident; but still cannot give it up wholly. Souls are infinitely precious, and I am resolved to continue interceding till the day-star from on high visit us. Lord, help me!

20th. Last night a very melancholy casualty occurred. The house of Mr. Staunton caught fire, and he, returning to get something out, perished in the flames! Three females barely escaped with their night clothes; and, after drawing water some time, to extinguish the flames, and finding their efforts fruitless, walked nearly half a mile through the storm and snow to the nearest neighbours! Though they were so badly frozen as to render their recovery doubtful, they have since been restored to their wonted health.

24th. Dear cousin Harriet is no more. The hearse has just passed with her lifeless remains, followed by a numerous train of relatives and friends. She held fast her faith firm and unshaken, from the day of her conversion to the moment of her death; and, except in one instance, when confused by the puzzling interrogatories of the Rev. Mr. ——, her sky was

unclouded; and even then the reading of a single chapter from the precious Bible cleared up her spiritual horizon. On the morning of her death she was asked if she did not think she was dying? She said she did not know. And when her mother told her it was thought she was, she looked very pleasantly, and said, "Well, I don't know but I may as well go this morning as at any time." About two o'clock, P. M., she sweetly passed away, in the nineteenth year of her age. Little did I think last autumn she would be taken first; but the Lord knows what is best. She was doubtless ripe for glory, and at the most suitable time God took her to himself. As for myself, I feel that my work is not fully done: I must work a little longer; and I expect to see sinners awakened and converted in this place before I am called hence.

28th. Have enjoyed my mind remarkably well for a few days past, and my health also. I have been able to read a little, write some, and wrestle fervently in private prayer; and have obtained many blessings. But to-day I have found but little comfort in either, being often tempted to think I am foolish in writing so much. I can, however, appeal to the Searcher of hearts for my sincerity; never having been influenced by any one. The praise or the dispraise of the world is nothing to me; I act solely from a conviction of duty. Did I think God would be equally pleased, I would drop my pen and use what little strength

I have in some other employment. But this, with my present light, I dare not do. God of wisdom, guide my erring footsteps!

March 17th. I am not in the least discouraged in trying to serve God, nor in praying for a revival of his work, though as yet there seems to be but little to encourage faith. Satan appears to reign in this place, and the enemies of the cross to triumph. A week ago last Sunday evening a man disturbed the prayer meeting, and was yesterday taken before the magistrate. But though several substantial witnesses appeared against him, the justice cleared him, because, forsooth, they did not *know* that his motives were evil! I really want to see my brethren, to encourage them to stand fast; for it does appear to me that the triumphing of the wicked will be short.

22d. It is four years to-day since my brother J. died. Little did I then think I should so long survive him. But so it is, and I bless God for it. I am still exposed to "the fiery darts" of the enemy, and encompassed with many trials, though not for a single moment forsaken of my God. No: I feel an unusual attachment to his cause and people; and though for months I have enjoyed little of their society, yet I trust I am preparing to meet them in glory.

Last evening my sister E. was married to Mr. Irish. After the ceremony, brother Harmon read to them an address* I had previously

* The address was published, soon after, in the Christian Advocate and Journal.—Ed.

written for the occasion ;—an address that had cost me many tears and several wakeful hours. But after I had delivered it to brother H., and retired for meditation and prayer, I was singularly blessed of God ; and am still kept in perfect peace. I should indeed be glad if I could do a little good while I live ; and my constant prayer to God is, that he would direct and keep me in the way where I shall be most useful. O God, thou knowest that my strength is weakness and my wisdom folly ; therefore extend to me thy guiding and supporting hand !

Sunday, April 8th. Blessed be God for the inestimable privilege of meeting my brethren in the place of worship! Sixteen weeks confinement has not weaned my affections from him or his dear people. Brother Harmon preached on Rom. vi, 23, "But now being made free from sin," &c. What a privilege for the people of God ! O, that we may assert our rights and maintain our lofty distinction ! We had a good time in class, though I think I have seldom seen religion at so low an ebb in our place. Of this the brethren seem to be painfully sensible, and resolve to pray for the revival of it. O that we may indeed "have our fruit unto holiness," that "the end" may be "everlasting life !"

22d. Heard brother Allen preach from 2 Chron. iii, 3: "Now these are the things wherein Solomon was instructed for the building of the house of God." After giving a historical account of this magnificent building, he

proceeded to remark, that the glory of that house, however great, was nothing when compared with the glory of that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Transporting thought! Is it possible that *I* shall ever become one of its inmates? Surely if so unworthy a creature may hope to get there—and I believe I shall—none need despair who will seek an interest in Christ. But it is "grace" that "reigns through righteousness unto eternal life." Yes, the last stone in the spiritual edifice is to "be brought forth with shoutings of grace, grace unto it."

April 30th. I was taken very ill on the 25th instant, and though bleeding and blistering have afforded me some relief, still my fever is very high, and I breathe with great difficulty. Not long after I was taken, as I lay upon my bed, thinking, as did my friends, that this was my last sickness, it occurred to me that I had often prayed God to direct me in the way and keep me in the place where I should be the most useful. Immediately this inquiry arose in my mind, How can I be useful *now*, unless it be by exemplary patience under my afflictions, and by encouraging my Christian friends, when they come to see me, "to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free." I am not able even to write a word, and it is a matter of doubt when I shall attempt it again. Dear cousin Eliza writes me thus:

"'I read, and work, and think—what then?
I read, and work, and—think again.'

Thus I live. I see no new faces, nor do I wish to; but the countenance of an old friend is always agreeable. A letter, too, is very welcome, and I receive none with greater pleasure than yours." This led me to contrast my situation with hers; and if the expression be allowable, I would say, "The goodness of the Lord passed before me;" bringing into grateful remembrance the social, domestic, and religious privileges I have been permitted to enjoy. I thought of the great kindness of my friends in waiting upon me in the time of sickness, and of the somewhat singular circumstance, that my little pecuniary resources should hold out like the widow's cruise of oil; so that I have always had enough to pay my physician, and to give something for the support of the blessed gospel, as well as to procure any little article of comfort demanded by my peculiar circumstances. And yet my means are not exhausted! A plan of usefulness was immediately suggested to my mind. I thought, I will take a little of what I have, and when my friends come to see me, I will ask them to give a little, and thus I shall obtain enough to procure the Christian Advocate and Journal for Eliza; and the variety which it contains may do more good than I could were I to live and write an age: and then there are three families that may possibly be benefited by the perusal. Accordingly I set about the work, and before night I had twelve shillings deposited in my little treasury. Not long after my brother W., who is not a professor of religion,

came to see me. When he inquired respecting my health, I told him I thought I should not live long, and asked him if I might expect to meet him in heaven. Tears gushed from his eyes, and a stream issued from my own. Though he knew nothing of the above plan, he gave me a small sum, and said that but for a payment he had to make he would give me more. I thanked him, and told him I had all I needed. How true are the words of the wise man: "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again!" I soon obtained enough to procure the paper, and to pay the postage; some twelve or thirteen contributing from four to fifty cents each. And should cousin E., or any other person, receive any benefit from the perusal of so valuable a paper, I hope they will give God the praise for employing so feeble an instrument.

May 8th. Much more comfortable in health than I was a week since. For two nights I have rested quietly, and have been able to set up considerably this afternoon. How mysterious are the ways of Providence toward me, and yet how just and kind! They lead me to much self-examination and prayer; and I do really feel that I love God with all my heart. O how I long that my dear brethren and sisters may feel the importance of so loving him; and what an anxiety I feel for the salvation of poor sinners around me, and especially my brother William and his dear companion! The burden

of my prayer, like that of the prophet Habakkuk, is, "O Lord, revive thy work!" We have had some dear friends to visit us from the state of Ohio—old soldiers of the cross—and it was really pleasing as well as encouraging to hear them tell of the battles they had fought and the victories they had won "through the dear might of Him who walketh the wave." But they are gone, and we shall probably see them no more till we meet in heaven.

"O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet;
There we shall see each other's face;
And all our brethren greet."

May 20th. My health has improved slowly every day till yesterday: the night before I got very little rest. But I found it sweet to meditate on that rest that remains to the people of God. I rejoice that Satan does not have dominion over me, and that I am not under the law, but under grace. O what a sweet word—"GRACE!"

25th. To-day I walked into the garden. What a praise-inspiring season, when all nature is in bloom! I, however, shall not attempt to describe it: all I *can* do is to love and admire the Author. In consequence of the local preachers' conference setting here, we have had the opportunity of seeing several of the travelling preachers. Our old and valued friend, brother Giles, gave us a very pleasing account of the work of God among his people at the New-York Mills station, and a very affecting history

of the death of a local preacher by the name of Mushpratt, who, by having his hand caught in the machinery of a cotton factory, had his arm completely severed from his body! He lived only a few hours, but died in peace. Brother P. I did not expect to see; but we had a pleasant little interview; and when he addressed the throne of grace on our behalf, I believe every one present felt what the disciples did when Jesus said, "My peace I give unto you; my peace I leave with you."

Two weeks ago last evening we had preaching at our house, but I was too ill to leave my bed. Last evening I was able to sit up and hear father Newman* preach from Psa. xxiii, 4,

* The Rev. JONATHAN NEWMAN, by many regarded as "the apostle of Methodism" to a large portion of the now Oneida Conference. Certain it is, that few others in these parts have formed more circuits and societies, or have been instrumental in leading more souls to the Saviour. His early advantages were inconsiderable, and his language often coarse and ungrammatical, and yet his impassioned manner, joined to a kind of native eloquence, rendered him exceedingly popular with those who found their way into this wilderness at that early day. Vast crowds, considering the sparseness of the population, everywhere assembled to hear him. With an ever burning zeal, and with the most indomitable perseverance, he traversed trackless wilds, forded streams, was exposed to frosts and rains, slept in huts and hovels, lived on the coarsest fare; in a word, suffered almost every thing but downright martyrdom—and all, it is believed, to save souls from death and hell. He had his faults, and yet so many excellences, that many generations will probably pass away before his name will be forgotten. He was gathered to his fathers a few years since.—ED.

"Though I walk through the valley and shadow of death I will fear no evil," &c. It was a very comforting time to my soul, as I believe it was also to others. Brother A. followed with a very lively exhortation, and I felt as though I could willingly sit another hour and hear the brethren speak of the wonders of redeeming love.

27th. Brother Ferguson and daughter, from Dutchess county, have come to spend the sabbath with us. The former belonged to the same society with my parents more than thirty-five years ago, and he says he still loves the good old way. I listened with peculiar pleasure to several anecdotes which they related respecting the early part of their pilgrimage, but was most of all pleased to hear them say, "God is still with us." When all had gone to the house of God, I prayed several times for a special blessing, but did not feel satisfied, and was often tempted to think I should not be as happy to-day as I frequently am when left alone. Fatigued, I laid me down, meditating on the blessings already bestowed, and "ere I was aware," the Spirit descended in overpowering effusions; so that I was constrained to cry out, alone as I was, "Glory to God! I have been blest, I am blest, and I shall be blest!" O the unutterable fulness I now felt in a Saviour's love! Praise thou the Lord, O my soul!

June 25th. I have lived to collect my imperfect memoranda together, something in the form

of a journal, for which I feel unfeignedly thankful to God, being satisfied in my conscience that so far *I have done my duty*. My health continues to improve; so that I was able yesterday to meet with the people of God in the house of worship, and found it a precious season to my soul. In prayer meeting the scene was to me deeply solemn and affecting, and especially when I noticed every eye fixed on me as one snatched from the very brink of the grave. A soul redeemed demands a life of praise; and especially from one who has so many times been rescued, when, to all human appearance, death was inevitable. But, after all, I am an unprofitable servant! And yet I feel that I have near access to the throne of grace, and think I have faith to believe that God will revive his work among us. "I do believe; Lord, help thou mine unbelief."

Sunday, July 28th. In consequence of my parents attending the camp meeting at Rome, I have no way to get to meeting this morning. But the Lord deals with me in great mercy, and I have had a time of refreshing in waiting upon him. O for more of that divine influence which quickens the soul into a holy flame!

"My soul shall then, like thine,
Abhor the thing unclean;
And, sanctified by grace divine,
For ever cease from sin!"

In the evening the young people assembled at our house for prayer meeting, and it was a time of great peace and comfort to our souls. What

a blessing! deprived as I am of the privilege of going to the house of God, my brethren come and pray with and for me. O that we may all drink deeper and deeper into the spirit of holiness!

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNAL CONTINUED—SERIOUS EXERCISES RESPECTING THE DUTY OF BECOMING A MISSIONARY SCHOOL TEACHER.

July 29th, 1827. My brothers and sisters were all at home last evening, and we had a very agreeable visit. It was to me highly gratifying to behold our aged parent at the close of our visit and of the day, though in feeble health, bowing before the King supreme, and craving a blessing upon us before we separated. My dear cousins, with whom I went to Sullivan last autumn, having made us a very pleasant visit, took their leave this morning. It was not till just before we parted that one of them (the doctor) answered the questions I had some time before proposed to him in writing, namely: "Have you regenerating grace? Are you living up to your privilege? Have you an abiding evidence of your acceptance with God?" And I am sorry to say, his mind was too deeply involved in doubts and mysteries to answer in the affirmative. God of truth and love, shine at once upon his mind and heart!

I have felt both quickened and reproved under the preaching of the word by brother Wor-

thing to-day, and I hope God will yet revive his work among us. We had a very good prayer meeting in the afternoon, and appearances were decidedly more encouraging.

Aug. 20th. Yesterday I went to meeting, and it was rather an encouraging time. O that we all felt the importance of coming out from the spirit, and practice, and love of the world! How would religion then prosper among us! I am afraid, however, there are but few *steady* travellers to Zion in this place: but my unceasing prayer is, that I may be one of the number; so that after an honourable discharge from this state of trial, I may safely reach the hill of Zion. O welcome day! O sweet release! O thrice blessed rest! To be where God is, and share for ever the bliss of his heaven-inspiring smiles! "My soul kindles at the thought."

Brother and sister Higgins have been to see us, and last evening we had a most precious little family prayer meeting. When I consider the blessings I enjoy, my grateful soul inquires, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" And if it be not that I render soul and body a living sacrifice to him really, I have not found out what it is. But with this I know he is well pleased; and, since he alone is worthy of my undivided affections, I feel resolved from this hour to resign them unto him. Blessed Saviour, I would be thine evermore!

Sept. 4th. My health has not been so good for eight months past as it is at present. Yester-

day I not only sat up all day, but walked to a neighbour's and made a visit. Although I daily feel deep gratitude to my heavenly Father, I am afraid I do not live answerably to the mercies received. I would do a little for Him who has done so much for me. At times my mind is solemnly exercised respecting the duties that lie before me. I hope, however, so to trust in God and hang upon his promises as to be fully prepared to meet any event or call of his providence.

23d. Health greatly improved. Brother and sister Worthing stayed with us last night: sister W., in particular, appears very zealous in the cause of Christ. We had a good class meeting to-day, at which I felt that promise verified: "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." I mourned that I had so little religion, and was comforted with an increase.

Oct. 8th. How astonishing is the goodness of God to me, a frail worm of the dust! Yesterday forenoon I went to prayer meeting, and in the afternoon heard brother Coston, of the Ohio Conference, preach on Rom. vi, 21, "What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed?" &c. The discourse was strikingly applicable to the congregation, and I pray God that it may have its proper effect. I think I have made a little advancement in the Christian course the week past, and O that I may make still greater progress during the one already commenced!

Yesterday I finished reading Dr. A. Clarke's

Commentary on the Holy Bible, and it has been to me, in many instances at least, what he designed it should be to his readers, namely, "A help to a better understanding of the sacred writings." For this inestimable blessing I thank God; but how much more remains to be learned! I feel deeply sensible I have not made that improvement which I might, and hope I shall be more diligent in future. "Search the Scriptures," is the direction of an infallible Teacher: and O that I may do it in a proper spirit, so that I may be guided into *all* truth! I have also perused most of Messrs. Wesley and Fletcher's writings, and feel no hesitancy in saying, I AM A METHODIST. O that I may be "an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile!"

12th. I experimentally prove that

> "Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
> When thou, my God, art here."

Although I am not entirely free from pain, yet moderate exercise is exceedingly pleasant. I have this week performed the first day's work that I have attempted the present year, 1827. Often has my grateful heart adored the great Redeemer for his unparalleled mercies. I owe much of my present health, under divine Providence, to early rising and the use of a few simple remedies. But how my mind is exercised! Are all these things mere imagination? Or will they indeed prove realities? Can I not, ought I not to be as willing to give up all for the sake of Jesus, as I was when sick to leave

all and go to him? But what have I done for him and his precious cause? Far too little, if indeed I have done any thing at all. Should I recover my health I hope to be more extensively useful. But I must stop: my mind is depressed: O for grace! Lord Jesus, do thou *thyself* direct me, and then all will be well.

15th. Yesterday I attended meeting at the Sauquoit church. We had a precious season in love-feast. The Lord is reviving his work in that place; some have already been converted, and others are inquiring their way to Zion. Brother Parker preached a very good sermon on, "The redemption of their soul is precious," after which we had the privilege of approaching the table of the Lord. Blessed privilege indeed! The old veterans of the cross manifested much joy in seeing me once more. I was much affected—returned home with a severe headache, and, much fatigued, retired early to rest. To-day I feel quite refreshed, soul and body, and think I have sustained no injury in consequence of attending the meeting.

21st. I would bless God for the great privilege of meeting with his people to-day. Brother Bowen preached on, "Wilt thou be made whole?" He showed first our moral disease, and then the practicability of a perfect cure. I rejoice in an inward testimony that I have been made free from the law of sin and death; and now feel the Spirit of adoption, whereby I am enabled to cry, "Abba, Father."

Sunday, Dec. 2d. The appearance of brother

Fairbank, as he entered the chapel to-day, affected me much; for in consequence of a white swelling in one of his limbs, he is obliged to go on crutches. His discourse from, "The end of all things is at hand," was very solemn and impressive. Thank God, my treasure lies beyond perishable substances. In the evening brother Barnes preached on, "God be merciful to me, a sinner;" but in consequence of a severe headache, I realized but little good. After we returned home, however, when brother B. engaged most earnestly in prayer for us, my heart began to feel. O how tenderly did he entreat the Lord to be gracious to us, and especially my unconverted brother; and how ardently did he pray for his own children, and those of brother F.! Surely God will hear prayer.

Dec. 12th, a day set apart by our state executive for public thanksgiving. Brother B. was to preach on the occasion, and aid in the formation of a missionary society: but he disappointed us. As however I had engaged to do what I could toward promoting the last-named object, I read a little piece I had written on the subject of missions, which, I trust, was productive of some good. After meeting, my brothers and sisters came home, so that we were once more all together under the paternal roof. We had several prayers before we parted, and closed the day in a spirit somewhat corresponding to the object for which it was set apart. Thanks be unto God for all his mercies!

20th. I went to see a young man who had been some time sinking under an incurable consumption. But how was I surprised on being met at the door by a friend, who said, "Russel is dead!" Monday he walked to the barn; yesterday ate a hearty breakfast with his friends; and before six o'clock in the evening he was a lifeless corpse! We trust, however, he rests in peace. "What is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Sunday evening, Dec. 30th. I have been so afflicted of late, that for several days it has been with the greatest difficulty I have walked from one room to another. But, I bless God, my soul has been filled with peace; a sweet unutterable peace. How good the Lord is! for while he afflicts with one hand, he upholds and comforts with the other: and how thankful I ought to be that I can use my pen! While engaged in this delightful employment, writing letters to friends, or committing my thoughts on some religious subject to paper, hours of extreme pain have passed rapidly away, which might otherwise have hung heavily upon my hands. O, if what I record in so imperfect a manner is rendered a blessing to my own soul, how can I do otherwise than breathe a tearful prayer, that into whose hands soever these pages may chance to fall, the same pleasure may be realized in reading them that has been felt by me in writing!

Jan. 2d, 1828. I bless God that I am spared

to see the commencement of another year. Yesterday I had many solemn and profitable reflections, but much company forbade my noting them down. My bodily afflictions seem to increase; and yet I feel I have no occasion to complain: it might have been far worse with me than it is: therefore, "my heart shall rejoice, and sing aloud of mercy and judgment." Dear sister S. B. has been to see me: precious girl, how I love her, because she loves my Redeemer: Lord bless her, and prepare us to meet in heaven.

18th. My afflictions continue to be very oppressive. I have many restless hours, day and night, which call for the exercise of every Christian grace. So imperfect am I by nature, and so prone to evil, that I am sometimes sorely tempted to fear my patience will not hold out. I have, therefore, earnestly besought the Lord that he would not leave me in this time of trial; for, under circumstances like these, what can feeble flesh do without supporting grace? Surely nothing but complain. I have hitherto been blessed with a measure of this grace; and will my heavenly Father, after having wrought out so many deliverances for me, now leave me to be overcome by the buffetings of Satan? No, he will not: and I rejoice to find upon close examination, that, notwithstanding all my imperfections, my confidence in the divine Redeemer remains unshaken. Yes, "grace still reigns through righteousness;" so that I am enabled to "rejoice in hope of the glory of God."

Feb. 5th. Though my health is much better, I am still quite feeble. At different times, within the last three or four days, I have experienced great depression of spirits; owing, probably, to nervous weakness. But to-day I am considerably relieved, soul and body; my mind is perfectly clear, and I have enjoyed much sweetness of spirit, as well as fellowship with God's dear children—deacon Wilmot and wife, from the Black River country, and aunt W. We had a refreshing season in prayer.

10th. Have been to meeting this afternoon, and heard brother Worthing preach. How little do people in general realize the blessing of health till deprived of it! I have been confined to the house a little more than five weeks, and it will be eight to-morrow since I attended our society meeting. Daily experience proves that the present is a state of trial, in which we are subject to intellectual no less than physical infirmities. But the humble and devout Christian looks forward to the day when he shall be delivered from terrestrial incumbrances, from earthly passions, from bodily infirmities,—in a word, from all "the nameless ills that flesh is heir to;" and when he will be introduced into the paradise of God, with a soul and body so refined that both will be ineffably happy. Glorious anticipation! With all my imperfections I cherish it.

March 16th. My health has improved remarkably within the last ten days, and I have spent most of the time in visiting among my

relatives and friends. I have made many agreeable visits, and some that were not so profitable. The reason of the unprofitableness I am satisfied was, I did not give sufficient prominence to the all-important subject of personal, heart-felt religion. For this delinquency I have felt reproved as well by my conscience as the word of God; but have sought and found forgiveness; and hope I shall never again be overtaken in a similar error.

April 4th. Have just returned from my brother-in-law's, where I have spent nearly two weeks. When I was dangerously sick a year ago last fall, my sister E. was sitting by me; and knowing she was much fatigued, and at the same time wishing to obtain some little favour, I said to her, "When I get well, and you are sick, I will wait upon *you*." She smiled; but through the providence of God this has literally taken place. She was taken ill on the last day of March, and with the greatest imaginable pleasure I have waited on her. How glad I am to return, even in the smallest measure, the kindness of my dear friends!

May 11th. Yesterday I had the great satisfaction of attending quarterly meeting at Sauquoit, and of sitting with my old friends there in love-feast. I enjoyed great peace and comfort, not a single cloud passing over my sky. Brother Barnes preached well, and I came home with a grateful heart. He also preached at our chapel, at five o'clock, on, "The end of all things is at hand; be ye therefore sober, and

watch unto prayer;" noticing, first, the declaration; and, secondly, the exhortation. It was a profitable season to my soul.

How am I blest temporally and spiritually! I have not enjoyed as good health at this season of the year for five or six years past as I now do; while my peace continues like the flowing stream. I am thankful; and though an unprofitable servant, hope my life has not been spared in vain.

On Saturday last we held the first meeting of our female missionary society. This much I can say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." I have collected nearly twenty dollars for the Indian mission, and hope the Lord will continue to give his people the true spirit of Christian benevolence, so that the most ample pecuniary means may be furnished for the universal spread of the blessed gospel of Christ.

June 1st. Yesterday we had a sacramental occasion at good old father Addington's. He has long been confined at home through age and consequent infirmity, and has, of course, been deprived of this precious means of grace. It was indeed a refreshing season. Brother Worthing discoursed on Heb. i, 14, "Are they not all ministering spirits?" &c. To-day I feel an increase of "faith, hope, and charity." My hope is indeed full of immortality; and I doubt not that, if I am faithful to God, I shall receive a crown of life. O that health, strength, time, talents,—all I have, and all I am, may be devoted to the service of God henceforth and for ever!

Aug. 20th, a little before sunset. Hark! what is that I hear? Ah, it is the bell of mortality: and has another fellow-mortal gone? Yes, and a youth too, for the bell gives the number—seventeen. As we have heard of no one being sick, all is anxiety and inquiry. Whoever it is, he must have fallen suddenly a victim to the fatal archer. * * * * * * * * * Yes, the tidings have reached us,—dear sister Smith's son is no more! He was threshing with horses upon a barn floor, and it is probable he received a blow from one of them which instantly deprived him of his existence; for he was found a lifeless corpse. Sister Smith is in very feeble health: dear woman, how must she feel! She left our house since twelve o'clock, and was going to the place where her son lived: having made her visit there, she returned home, little suspecting that Carlton lay dead in the barn! May "the Hope of Israel and the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble" abundantly vouchsafe his supporting grace!

27th. A number of us went last evening to Dr. J.'s, with a view to take our leave of our good friends, father and mother Arnold and son. It was a season of great spiritual interest. The former part of the evening was spent in singing and prayer, and the latter in hearing the experience of our reverend father. Truly it was good to be there: we wept and rejoiced at the loving kindness of Him who is head over all things unto the church. What hath God wrought in the Methodist connection since this venera-

ble man first became a travelling preacher! Thousands, and even hundreds of thousands, have been brought to Christ; and the glorious work still goes on. May it increase in geometrical progression, till all the ends of the earth remember and turn unto the Lord!

Sept. 10th. Have just returned from visiting my dear friends at New-York Mills and Utica, and can say, that, for the most part, it has been a profitable season to my soul. Not only in my closet, but when bowing with my friends at the family altar, have I felt the consoling influences of the divine Comforter; especially at brother Giles's and Bushnell's. I have always found that my religious enjoyments are in exact proportion to my faith and obedience, and that these very much depend on habitual watchfulness and prayer. "Blessed is that servant whom, when the Lord cometh, he shall find so doing."

Nov. 11th. Within the last few weeks my mind has been much exercised in regard to the missionary cause: indeed, it has been more or less so ever since I read a communication from the Rev. William Case, in the Christian Advocate and Journal of April 14, 1827, in which he gives a deeply interesting account of the work of God among the Rice Lake Indians. He concludes by saying, "Here is a vast field open for benevolent exertions, but where are the labourers? Who will glory in the privilege of teaching the rising generation the knowledge of letters, of salvation, and of heaven?" I said

within myself, I would cheerfully do so had I health; (being at that time barely able to walk from one room to another;) but I have not, and probably never shall have. I immediately felt a check upon my mind, as if something said, "Don't say if I were able; for it is not impossible but that God may restore you to health, in which case you will feel yourself obliged to go." I paused and thought, To be sure, it is not impossible, since "all things are possible with God;" but it is not very probable.

Soon after the above, being providentially directed to the use of certain simple medicines and nutritious drinks, my health began slowly, but very perceptibly, to improve. So that, after some weeks, I asked my sister one day to hand me her knitting; (having given away my own, with other articles, expecting never to want it again;) but I had scarcely taken the work in my hand before it powerfully occurred to me, that I had promised to give myself to the poor pagans, if my health were restored. Being almost overwhelmed with the recollection, I paused a moment, and tremblingly said, "O Lord, thou knowest what is best for me: if thou hast a work for me to do, thou wilt bless me with health and strength equal to its claims." I then dismissed the subject from my mind; concluding not to trouble myself, at present, with a matter which appeared so much beyond my reach. Still these and kindred impressions followed me from time to time, as my health continued to improve, till much reflection

brought me in some measure to realize the importance of the work in prospect, as well as my own unfitness for it. These impressions so weighed down my spirits and affected my nerves, that, instead of gaining, I lost strength. I again cried to the Lord, if he had a work for me to do, to remove these distressing anxieties; it being utterly impossible for me to get well under so great a mental burden. I had no sooner asked than it was done; and for several weeks, though I felt anxious for the prosperity of the missionary cause, I was perfectly easy as to any personal duty. This very circumstance gave rise to a new temptation; for, thought I, if the call be from God, how is it possible for me to feel so easy about it? Thus I began to doubt whether the call were divine. One morning as I was sweeping the carpet, and thinking how much I had gained in health and strength, my former promise occurred to me with a force which language cannot describe; when something seemed to say, "And now that you are so much restored, can you doubt the genuineness of the call? You may make what preparations you can, for it will yet become your solemn duty to go." I took the nearest chair, sat down tremblingly, and could hardly refrain from bursting into tears.

I had settled with my physicians, and was clear from debt; but my means were exceedingly limited; as I had not more than seven or eight dollars left. Under a conviction, however, that God required me so to do, I began to

make such preparations as I could, fully resolved to follow the leadings of Providence.

December 4th. A day set apart for thanksgiving and prayer. Dear brother Jones preached to us in his good old style; I mean the spirit and style of the gospel. He reminded us of many things that transpired when he was on the circuit before, and earnestly exhorted us to look for the same blessings. O that every hinderance may be removed, and the set time to favour Zion soon come!

As for myself, though I feel I live too far beneath my privileges, yet I have this day had strength from above to renew my covenant with God, and to look away from my unworthiness to Him that taketh away the sin of the world. Yes, if I know my own heart, I still cherish an ardent desire both to know and do the will of my heavenly Father. Whenever or wherever he may call, I hope cheerfully to obey; even though it should be to leave my dear relatives, and go among the savage tribes of the wilderness.

February 18th. I have for nearly two weeks felt great depression of spirits, and am fully persuaded it is my duty to open my mind to one of the preachers on the subject of my recent impressions. But having had no opportunity to do this, I have been sorely tempted to neglect reading the word of God, and secret prayer, lest the light should shine so clearly, and the path of duty become so plain, that I could not misapprehend it; and also to think that it would

involve so many and so great crosses that I could not bear them. Hitherto, however, I have been kept from yielding to the tempter, and still feel a desire to know and do the will of God.

20th. To-day I have now and then had a gleam of hope that deliverance is at hand; for the hymn beginning

> "Give to the winds thy fears;
> Hope, and be undismay'd,"

has been almost constantly running through my mind.

22d. Dear brother Jones is with us. While drinking tea, the subject of missions was casually introduced, when brother J. asked me if I should like to go on a mission to the Sandwich Islands? My mother replied, "She would much rather go to Canada." How she came to make this remark I cannot tell, unless it was because I had been somewhat active in forming a female missionary society, which specially contemplated aid to the Canada mission. Brother Jones then asked me, if I thought I could live among the natives? I told him, I did not know, but *should try and see!* As soon as I had uttered these words, I was astonished that I had thus committed myself, but dared not apologize. The conversation soon took a different turn, and there was no more said on the subject. I had often thought I would try to converse with my parents respecting it, but the cross was so heavy, my constitution so feeble, my sense of unworthiness so great, and my in-

adequacy to the duties involved presenting itself in almost every possible point of view, I knew not how or where to begin. I now retired in secret, and with a broken heart besought the Lord to make my duty more fully known to me, and especially, if it were proper for me to converse with brother Jones, that he might question me in the presence of my parents respecting my exercises. One hour after another passed away, until I was sorely tempted because I had thus exposed myself, and nothing further was said on the subject; when, all of a sudden, brother Jones asked me, if I thought I could live as Miss Barnes* did? I told him, I did not know what I could do; and was then almost choked with irrepressible emotion. At first the cross was nearly insupportable; but, recovering myself a little, I proceeded to state some of my past and present exercises. Brother Jones told me if the way opened, I must be careful and not disobey the heavenly mandate. This, with the conversation that followed, afforded me some relief for a little season. But, alas! my distress soon returned: I could neither eat, nor sleep, nor work as formerly. I tried to pray, but my mind was beclouded, and a sort of impenetrable gloom seemed to hang upon the future. Still it appeared to me that I ought to be preparing, as if the whole question were settled, and yet I knew not that the way would ever

* Now the wife of the Rev. William Case, the intrepid and eminently successful missionary among the native tribes of Upper Canada.—Ed.

open! Why it was that I should feel thus distressed, when I was willing the Lord should do what seemed him good, I could not tell. I, however, promised the Lord that I would advance when the way opened, and when it was closed, stand still; and thus found relief to my burdened mind.

Some time in March I went to Utica on an errand connected with my proposed devotion to the cause of missions, which led to another trial of my faith; for I took a violent cold, which settled upon my lungs, and caused considerable inflammation; so that for two or three weeks I was able to sit up but little. My dear father now took occasion to ask me, how I thought I could endure an expedition to Canada,* if I could not even go to Utica without being made sick? Nor was I at all surprised at this; for when I first opened my mind to him on the subject of going abroad, he said he could not think God would call one in my state to such a work. Without making any reply, I retired to my room, opened the book which I had so long found to be a light to my feet and a lamp to my path, and prayed for direction: that if I had been deceived in matters of so great importance, I might be undeceived: and if otherwise, that every remaining doubt might be removed from my mind. Upon opening the pre-

* I never felt any particular conviction that it would be my duty to go to Canada more than elsewhere, but simply that I ought to hold myself in readiness to go *wherever* Providence might call me.—L. R.

cious volume, my eye at once fell upon Psalm xviii, 43,—"Thou hast delivered me from the people: and thou hast made me the head of the heathen: a people whom I have not known shall serve me: the strangers shall submit themselves unto me." Suffused with tears, I said, "It is enough, Lord; I will do as thou hast commanded, and leave the event to thine unerring hand." From this time my health improved rapidly.

April 18th. Have had another interview with brother Jones respecting my past exercises and present feelings, and it is but just to say, that his fatherly instructions and brotherly attentions have greatly endeared him to my heart. He will write to the superintendent of the Indian missions on my behalf: but what will be required of me I know not. The Lord has begun a good work among the Oneidas, and I must wait the openings of his providence. My greatest care is, and I trust ever will be, how I shall best please and glorify my heavenly Father. It is not so much where I am, what I endure, or how much I suffer, as it is to know, and do the divine will. I feel, however, my utter inability to do this, without assisting grace. To the Giver of every good and perfect gift, therefore, I look in the fulness of my soul.

CHAPTER XIII.

GOES AS A MISSIONARY SCHOOL TEACHER AMONG THE ONEIDAS.

May 11th, 1829. Have just returned from a quarterly meeting held at Utica, where I saw several Indian converts, belonging to three different tribes, namely, the Missisaugahs, the Mohawks, and the Oneidas, in company with brother Case, his wife, and Miss Barnes. It was indeed a very interesting sight, and their appearance as they entered the church affected me much.

Last evening, Peter Jones, a principal chief belonging to the Missisaugahs, preached in English, from Acts xiii, 41, "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in nowise believe, though a man declare it unto you." While introducing himself to the congregation, and before he had mentioned his text, an alarm of fire was given: a great part of the congregation rushed out; but soon returned, it being a false alarm. From this circumstance he took occasion to remind them of the judgment-day, when none could escape. In his remarks on the above singularly appropriate passage, he spoke of the work, the means, and the effects which the text brings to view. Pursuant to this general plan, he particularly noticed the work of the Spirit upon the human heart, enlightening, convincing, renovating, &c.; of missiona-

ries, as the means used by God to carry on this work; and the blessed effects produced by those means. "Here," said he, pointing down to the altar, "is a sample before you: here are those who, a little while since, were wallowing in their filth and mire, ragged, and hungry, delighting in their drunken revels, and raising the bloody tomahawk over one another's heads. But what a change! Their instruments of death are now thrown aside: they live in love; and are anxious to have homes for their families, so that they may raise what will make them comfortable, and procure an education for their children." Had I not been assured otherwise, I should certainly have thought that the speaker had been favoured with an early English education. Surely, there is nothing too hard for God!

At this meeting I saw the Rev. Dan Barnes,* presiding elder of our district, and superintendent of the Oneida mission; and, after much deliberation and consultation, came to the conclu-

* The Rev. Dan Barnes, long a prominent and influential member of the Genesee and Oneida Conferences. Though his pulpit talents were not of a high order, the candid and reflecting seldom heard him without profit. In argument he was generally powerful and convincing. He was a man of much practical wisdom, and was considered by those who knew him best a safe counsellor. As a circuit preacher, presiding elder, and missionary, he rendered important services to the church of Christ, and richly earned the reputation of her warm and steadfast friend.

In 1836 he emigrated to the west, and became a member of the Michigan Conference. In August, 1840, he fell a victim to the prevailing fever, in the fifty-sixth year of his age.—Ed.

sion that I would engage as a teacher among the native Indians at Oneida, as soon as a suitable house could be found; feeling a sincere desire to enter, soul and body, into the work. Soon after this interview he called at our house, as he was going into the lower part of his charge, and said he knew not what arrangement to make in regard to my accommodation at the mission, as there was no white family in the neighbourhood with whom I could board. On brother Barnes' return I proposed to board myself, provided a suitable associate could be found, and he would consent to employ her. The plan pleased him, and I named sister Patience Morey. Providentially she soon came along; and when the proposition was made to her she readily consented, provided her parents were willing. They made no objection, and our arrangements were speedily completed. The same week brother Barnes went to Oneida, and engaged a room for us in the house of a respectable Indian widow.

A camp meeting for the Westmoreland circuit was, soon after this, held in Augusta. Good order was maintained, and much good done. About thirty persons professed to experience a change of heart, probably one half of whom were natives from Oneida. On Monday morning brother Barnes, employing an interpreter, introduced me to the native brethren as their school teacher; and though I felt deeply humbled in view of my unworthiness, joy and peace filled my soul. At this meeting I had much

conversation with Bishop Roberts and some of the preachers, respecting the great work in which I was about to engage; and the deep interest they manifested in the whole matter greatly encouraged me. May I succeed answerably to their expectations, and do nothing to detract from their present estimation of my Christian character!

June 18th. Brother Eaton, who lives a few miles from the mission, came for us: but, as I had no idea of going so soon, I was hardly ready. Besides, my father was quite ill, which made the trial still greater. But as sister Morey was ready, I hastily gathered my few things together, resting assured it was my duty to go: and notwithstanding the trial involved, I have been more than compensated in the abundant peace and joy in the Holy Ghost with which I have been blest. We arrived at brother Eaton's just at evening, and were received in the most cordial manner by the whole family. Several Christian friends came in to see us, and one who had visited our red brethren said, he had no doubt we should receive our reward as we went along; and so we have found it. Fervent prayers were offered in our behalf, and we retired early to rest: but the importance of the work before me so pressed upon my mind, that I slept but little. We arose early the next morning, and after breakfast brother Eaton, accompanied by the Rev. brethren Halsteads, conveyed us to the mission; where we were received quite diffidently, and

yet with great apparent cordiality. The house, though far enough from being either comfortable or convenient, was rather pleasantly located; standing upon the side of a hill, and commanding a pretty good view of the beautiful village of Vernon, situated about three miles to the north of us. After our brethren had rendered us all the assistance they could, and being about to return, all present were invited into our room; when Abraham Scanadore, the native class leader, addressed us through an interpreter, who spoke very poor English. He said, in substance, "We are all very glad you come to see us, and learn our children to read. We will do all we can to make you happy. O, I can't talk much: want words: don't know what to say: we want you to learn us every thing." I told him we gratefully accepted his kind intentions, and would try to do them all the good we could; which seemed to please them much. We then united in a little prayer meeting, and a precious season it was to our souls. Soon after one of the females presented us with some fresh strawberries, as if to express her gratitude for having come to their place.

About noon brother Barnes and brother S. Stone came with supplies for our table. We prepared them some dinner, when, after inquiring into our wants, they left us to arrange our domestic affairs, and prepare for the more immediate objects of our mission. Our condition was soon sufficiently comfortable to inspire us with gratitude. Having forgotten to furnish

ourselves with candles, the venerable mother of the widow in whose house we lived gathered us some dry wood, which furnished, for the time, all the light we needed; and being somewhat fatigued, we retired to rest. Meanwhile the Indian part of the family went to an evening prayer meeting, held near by; and while the air was vocal with the voice of prayer and praise, we sweetly fell asleep. It was not long, however, before our repose was disturbed by the earnest devotions of the family after their return from the prayer meeting: several of them lost their strength, as has frequently been the case since. For a few moments I was tempted to think we had been too venturesome in taking up our abode in a land of strangers, unprotected by the hand of a single acquaintance, and even destitute of a candle: but when I appealed to the Searcher of hearts, who had heard my groanings in secret places, and who had often delivered my soul, I was assured I had nothing to fear. And of this I was the more satisfied when I reflected that the whole of the widow's family, though large, were the professed friends of the Saviour.

Among others who belonged to her family at this time was William Doxtater, her nephew, who had been chiefly instrumental in bringing this poor people to the knowledge of the truth. He had lived in Canada for some time, and when there experienced religion; and feeling a strong desire to visit his friends in this place, brother Case procured him license to preach.

Accordingly he came to Oneida some time in February last, and commenced his labours among his kindred according to the flesh. At first they were so much offended with him that they would scarcely give him a morsel to eat, for two or three days together. He says, "Sometimes I feel very bad and pray a great deal. But, by and by, they began to listen: then they feel very sorry, because they got such bad hearts: cry a great deal, and then pray to Jesus to give them new hearts. Then I felt well to see my people get good: they give me enough to eat every day: and more of them I hope will get this good religion." The gospel as preached by him was, indeed, the power of God unto the salvation of many a poor wanderer in the gloomy mazes of paganism. How true it is, that *truth*, when accompanied by the Holy Spirit, is mighty, and must prevail; whether delivered by St. Paul before philosophers at Athens, or by a poor Indian in a wigwam!

Saturday, June 20th, brother Barnes and brother Halstead came over to attend the quarterly meeting for the mission. After meeting, several of the natives came in to see us, and were particularly pleased with our books: we began immediately to teach them the alphabet. The love-feast on Sunday morning was a very good one. With great simplicity and earnestness the native brethren and sisters told the wonderful works of God to and among them. Next, brother Barnes preached to them on, "Repent ye therefore, and be converted," &c., and was fol-

lowed by William Doxtater, who spoke in the Mohawk tongue. For the first time, the holy sacrament was now administered to these new converts to the Christian faith. It was indeed a powerful and interesting season; many entirely losing their bodily strength, and falling prostrate to the floor! Bless the Lord, O my soul, for this opportunity of celebrating the Saviour's dying love! Surely he is no respecter of persons. After tea, several of the converts came in, whom we endeavoured to instruct in reading: one could read in the Testament; some knew their letters; and others appeared very anxious to learn. It is truly astonishing how eagerly they receive instruction. We conversed with them in the simplest manner we could, and then concluded with a prayer meeting.

Monday, 22d. There were present this morning about twenty natives, old and young, when Wm. Doxtater commended us to God at the family altar; and then took his leave of us to go on a visit to Canada. It was a very solemn and interesting season, and many were deeply affected. Agreeably to arrangement, we commenced our school this morning in a private house belonging to a native widow: opened the school with thirteen scholars, and at the close had twenty-seven. One, a lad of sixteen, could read the Testament; five knew their letters, and twenty-one began to learn them. I feel there is a great work before me, for which, unaided from on high, I am wholly unqualified.

We are watched closely on every side, and, if I am not mistaken, with a jealous eye. Every now and then some of the old people come and look in at the door or window, doubtless to see what strange things are going on! When they do this I generally leave all, and, in the most friendly manner, go and invite them to come in and see what we are doing. The children are very bashful, and keep their blankets drawn almost entirely over their heads. When I address them they appear exceedingly abashed, and can hardly be persuaded to look me in the face. Indeed, I scarcely know what I should do were it not that two or three understand a little English, through whom I am enabled to address the rest. But their want of personal cleanliness is a most serious inconvenience to those whose duty it is to come somewhat in contact with them. To this, therefore, we must direct our reforming attention.

After tea to-day we took a walk to the new meeting-house, which our red brethren are building for themselves, and then called at the house of the head chief, Jacob Cornelius. We had had some acquaintance with him before; he appears quite friendly; and, though he has not joined society, I think he has experienced religion. His wife is a member, and, although very diffident, can speak English tolerably well.

July 10th. Before I left home my parents prophesied that I should not remain at the mission more than two or three weeks before I should be brought home sick. To-day they

have been to visit me, and found me cheerfully employed in school, in better health and spirits than when I left. I have succeeded in getting the children's blankets off, and in persuading them to make a more thorough application of the cleansing element to their persons and clothes. Appearances, altogether, are quite encouraging: some of the scholars learn finely. Brethren Halstead and Eaton, with the son and daughter of the latter, have been to visit my school to-day, and all appeared to be well pleased.

The desire of the natives to learn exceeds any thing I ever saw before. Several young men, who cannot find time to attend the school, come into our room as they have opportunity and receive instruction; and so rapid has been their progress that they now readily spell words of three or four letters. The jealousies and prejudices of the people seem to be yielding to the light of truth, as the morning mist retires before the rising sun. They are now very kind to us: indeed, I think I never saw a more loving and devoted people. Our advice in regard to cleanliness has been taken in good part, and has perhaps led to some real improvement. This is particularly observable in the widow whose house in part we occupy. Her son Thomas was so much pleased with the alteration in his mother, sister, house, &c., that he would often tell us he was very glad we come here to live, to learn them how to make bread, clean the house, wash and mend

their clothes, &c. He would frequently say, "O, I like it; my mother like it too,—you live here, and learn her how to work: I guess, may be, by and by, she know how to do something." Some idea of their utter practical inattention to tidiness may be formed from the following fact, which we learned by actual observation:—they wash their clothes, mop their floor, and milk their cow in the same pail!

We find our old log school-house very uncomfortable, especially in dark and rainy weather; for the chimney carries smoke so indifferently that we can have but little fire: and as to light, all we get comes either down the chimney or through the crevices in the walls. I sometimes contrast this with my former situation, but feel quite contented in the reflection that I am where I can do good to the souls and bodies of my poor fellow-creatures. This is all I desire.

Sept. 3d. Our house for worship and school being finished, we entered it with real satisfaction. All was going on prosperously, and our little tawny charge making good proficiency, when I was taken very ill, so that for eight days I was unable to be in school. Sister Morey was taken soon after, but not quite so severely. Some of the time I was in great distress, not knowing but it would be my last sickness: but my mind was kept in perfect peace, feeling a sweet resignation to the will of God, regretting no sacrifice I had made in coming to the place, and fully believing that should God call me away, the door was opened for

some one to come among this people who might be more useful. Our native friends were very kind to us, evincing great sympathy in our affliction, and often praying for our recovery. Sister Hendrick came to see us, and afterward sent us a fowl. She said, she was very sorry I was sick, because I was the first that ever came there to learn their children to read and be good; that she should pray a good deal for me; and if I got well I must not be too good to their children, but must correct them and make them obey; and it might be that in two or three years they would learn something.

Sept. 15th. My health is not quite as good as it was before I was taken sick, yet I endure the fatigues of the school much beter than I anticipated; for besides doing our house-work and fitting garments for the children, we have aided in preparing two of the boys to attend the school at Cazenovia. To persuade them to have their hair cut, their persons thoroughly cleansed, and their clothes suited to their prospective circumstances, was no small job. But after it was done, and they were dressed in a good English style, all appeared much pleased: and the example thus set has been quite salutary in its influence on others. The dress of the males formerly consisted of a long ruffle shirt, which was seldom washed till worn out, or, more properly, worn off; a white cravat, a pair of leggins, and a frock coat, seamed up without folds, facings, cuffs, or buttons; being generally tied together about the waist with a wampum

belt, handkerchief, leather strap, or slip of bark; and they sometimes wore moccasins and blankets; but very few had hats or other covering for their heads. The females wear their hair parted from the centre of the forehead directly over the crown of the head, braided down their backs, and tied up in the neck with a string or riband; and many of them have a long lock hanging down the fore side of each ear. Their dress is a broadcloth petticoat, bound with blue or red riband, and ornamented with beads; leggins fixed in the same manner, a calico or white cotton short-gown, without being hemmed, and fastened together with broaches; and from two to five pairs of jewels in their ears. But the glorious gospel is effecting a change even in their attire.

I have just received word from the superintendent of the mission, that he wishes me to appear with a part of my charge at the anniversary of the New York Mills Missionary Society, on the 21st instant. And, besides, he requires me to write an address to be read on that occasion! a task so exceedingly crossing to my feelings, that, could I feel justified, I should certainly decline. Yet I submit to the judgment of my superiors, as, it seems, I cannot be "excused."

Sept. 19th. Accompanied by sister Morey and two little Indian girls, and politely aided by brother Cody, I arrived at the house of brother Baker, the stationed minister at New-York Mills, a little before twelve o'clock. After

dining, we went to the house of my old friend, the Rev. Charles Giles, where we were most hospitably and agreeably entertained till after the missionary meeting. The meeting was well attended, and there were more than a score of our red friends present. Seven of my scholars read and spelt, much to the satisfaction, I should think, of those present, especially considering the very limited period they have been in school. Brother Giles read extracts from my written address, and followed the reading with a most eloquent and effective speech. On the whole, the meeting was quite interesting and well adapted to sustain and diffuse the missionary spirit. From this place I went to my father's in Paris, where I spent a few days with my friends, and then returned to the mission.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONTINUES AT THE MISSION—VARIOUS INCIDENTS.

SINCE my last entry the missionary premises have been undergoing various repairs, in consequence of which the school has been suspended. It is now again in pleasant operation. I was somewhat apprehensive, that, when our workmen dispersed, I should be lonesome, as our whole family now consists of sister Morey, myself, and an Indian boy. But I have been the furthest from it imaginable : for when I am

in school I have a sufficient number of ignorant scholars to instruct, and when out I am busily employed in fitting their clothes: so that there is little room left to be lonesome. Besides, my health is good, my peace like a river, my faith unshaken—and God all in all. I rejoice when I think of what he has done, and is still doing, for this people. A short time since he was pleased to honour our humble dwelling by making it the spiritual birth-place of one precious soul. O, it was a memorable season!

Of late I have had something like a presentiment that trials were before me, and have been led frequently and earnestly to pray for supporting grace. But little did I imagine they would come in the way they have. William Doxtater has been drinking to intoxication, and trying to set himself up as an independent preacher in opposition to brother Barnes, as well as to break up the mission-school! How often does Satan lead persons into a snare, and then leave them without the means of extricating themselves! Thus it was in the present instance. This poor fallen young man would have fain stayed with us, but an authoritative note from the head chief bade him be gone; which I think was the wisest thing that could be done; for he is a shrewd, artful fellow, and might have done much harm. As it is, I think he will do the society very little injury; for they say, "We must not do as William has done, but try to be good, and stick to it as long as we live."

Dec. 28th. The day before yesterday one of

my little scholars, John Hendrick, died, aged about five or six years. He was a sprightly little boy, and so anxious to learn to read, that, after he became a little acquainted, he would come and stand by me when others were reading, and, with his eye intently fixed on the book, pronounce the letters after me. But this promising flower is nipped in the bud. After it was thought his end was near, he revived, asked the family to sing, and soon after expired. I have just attended his funeral. Most of the people assembled in the chapel, and waited for the arrival of the corpse: when it came in sight the preacher gave the people notice, and every one left the house; the men standing in one group, the women in another. When the coffin, which was strung on a pole and carried by two individuals, passed through, the people followed, singing in their own tongue,—

"How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven," &c.

The coffin was then placed on the table, the pole taken off by one of the women, and the lid of the coffin removed, when the relatives took their seats near the door. The meeting was opened by the head chief, and a sermon preached by Joseph Carpenter, a native recently from Canada. After singing and prayer, we viewed the corpse, which was dressed in his clean, every-day costume, with a handkerchief tied about the head. The coffin was then nailed, strung on the pole, and carried to the

place of interment. I think I shall never forget the appearance of the pious grandmother, who remained on her knees some time after prayer, silently raising her hand toward heaven, while the tears were plentifully running down her furrowed cheeks. The whole scene was deeply solemn and affecting.

Jan. 1st, 1830. Just after sunrise this morning a number of my scholars came to the mission-house. Upon inquiry, we found that the chief had told them to go to every house, as had been their custom on new-year's morning, and get cakes. Not expecting them, we were wholly unprepared to meet their wants: but, having no school in consequence of the meeting, which was to commence at eleven o'clock, we told them if they would come again at ten, we would be ready for them. At the time appointed there appeared more than forty robust children, most of whom were clad in a plain English style, with clean hands and faces, and hair oiled and combed most tastefully. As the weather was remarkably fine for the season, there being no snow on the ground, they took their stand upon the grass before the house, the boys in one row, the girls in another; leaving just room enough for us to pass between them. After we had served our cakes, all bowed their heads to crave the divine blessing; a practice which has been universal among them since they have embraced Christianity. O, it was a lovely sight; a sight upon which, I have thought, the angels themselves might gaze with plea-

sure! We then sung a hymn, and prayed; after which we repaired to the chapel; where the services, though I understood but little of them, were greatly blessed to my poor soul. God was in the midst of us, and his Spirit bore witness with my spirit, that I was a child of his. Bless the Lord, O my soul!

Feb. 3d. My dear parents, with my brother-in-law and sister Irish, have been to make me a visit. I take great pleasure in seeing my relatives; a pleasure which I fear I shall not always enjoy. I often think of the lonely missionary, in some distant land, whither he has gone to guide the poor wanderer into the paths of peace; and dare not compare my privations with his. But though I feel grateful that Providence has cast my lot where my friends can come and see me, yet it may well be supposed that I feel some tender emotions on parting with them, for I have not entered the dwelling of a white person more than once within the last four months. Still I feel no disposition to complain: indeed, I am contented and happy. Sister Morey is an excellent housekeeper, and takes much pains to instruct those with whom she has intercourse in domestic affairs. Though my school is now large, and I have no one to assist me, yet matters move on agreeably. I am sometimes weary *in* the work, but never *of* it. My scholars are making good proficiency, and I often have seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. To his name be all the glory, now and evermore!

Feb. 9th. "How unsearchable are the ways of God, and his judgments past finding out!" Just as I was going to my delightful employment, about one o'clock this afternoon, one of my scholars opened the door and said, she wanted a pail to get some water, for the school-house was on fire. We ran; though apprehending little danger, thinking it probable that merely a few coals had fallen from the stove hearth. But how great was our surprise to find, on coming near the building, that the fire had broken out in the chamber! We blew the horn, and otherwise did what we could to give the alarm; but, alas! it was too late; as the boys were absent, and the men chopping at a distance in the woods. The books and five windows were all we saved. Though the fire was doubtless accidentally communicated, the scene was truly affecting. A number of the inhabitants were soon collected, and when they beheld the ruins of the place where they had been "born again," some covered their mouths with their hands and stood in speechless astonishment; others barely heaved a deep sigh; others exclaimed, "O, I sorry;" and others said, "When will you keep school again? You must not go away. No! May be get some old house; keep school again. You are not to blame. Some time we well, and some time we sick—can't help it: you know all." Some came into the mission-house without uttering a word, and, drawing their blankets over their heads, wept bitterly. I endeavoured to comfort

them by telling them that our white friends had been very kind to them, and that, if they continued faithful, they would doubtless aid them in building another house. At this their countenances brightened, and one and another said, "I help,—I do all I can." In the evening our prayer meeting was held at the house of John Cornelius, and, though much straitened for want of room, it was a good time.

12th. Pursuant to the advice of our brethren, Barnes and Jones, who came to the mission the day after the fire, I went to Paris, where I spent a week. The leading object of my visit was, if possible, to obtain aid in the erection of a new school-house. Brother Barnes came and preached at our chapel on the succeeding sabbath evening, and, as there were several of our red brethren present, brother David Johnson, one of their number, gave them an exhortation in Indian. Brother Barnes then called upon me to state my wants to the congregation, which, though a great cross, I endeavoured to do. Every ear seemed to hear, and every heart to feel. Blessed be the Lord, I found many a "cheerful giver" among Presbyterian and Episcopalian, as among Methodist, friends: so that what was actually collected, with what was subscribed in money, materials, and provisions, amounted to about fifty dollars. Time and circumstances considered, this was liberal and encouraging.

When I went home I found my parents quite unwell, and my sister M. confined to her bed.

I felt it to be a real privilege to do a little for those who had done so much for me in the time of affliction. When they had so far recovered as to render it proper for me to leave them, I returned to the mission, taking the Westmoreland quarterly meeting in my way. About forty of our native brethren were present, and it was truly a good time.

March 4th. Our red brethren continue much engaged, and meet at different places for prayer through the week. Last sabbath was a memorable time indeed: the Lord of hosts was truly with us. For the first time in her life, sister M. fell under the mighty power of God. I have been seldom more pleased than I was in class, when the leader addressed me in English for the first time. He said, "Sister, speak to God, to heaven, to your soul, to-day." So far as I was able to gather his meaning, it was, Speak about what God has done for your soul to-day, and the prospect you have of seeing him in heaven, &c.

Some of our native exhorters have been out to visit the Onondagas, where they have been instrumental in bringing several of the benighted pagans to the knowledge of the truth. A spirit of inquiry having been awakened in that nation, quite a number have visited us who were soundly converted to God while here. Some of the old chiefs, however, evince the most bitter hostility.* How true it is, that "the

* Death has since removed these pagan chiefs, and a great and effectual door is now opened for the missionary

carnal mind," wherever found, "is enmity against God."

So many are talking of moving to Green Bay, that we are in painful suspense in regard to building a school-house. But we must patiently wait the result; and while I humble myself at the foot of the cross in view of having done so little for God and his cause, I would not forget to praise him for all his mercies.

April 5th. The agitation respecting a removal to Green Bay having rendered it necessary still further to postpone the erection of a school-house, I concluded to delay no longer; and accordingly, on the first instant, reopened my school in an old log building, situated some distance from the mission-house. Every thing like convenience is utterly out of the question. But though covered with ashes and enveloped in smoke, I have seldom been more happy than I was to-day when reflecting on that mysterious providence that brought me to this place. While the children were absent at dinner, I bowed before the Lord, and felt that even *this* place was "none other but the house of God, and the gate of heaven." I felt that if I had as many lives as I had lived years, I could cheerfully devote them all, were they required, to the missionary cause. I, however, have but one, and

of the cross among the Onondagas. The place is regularly visited by native speakers from Oneida, a flourishing society has been formed, and every thing indicates the day of salvation to this long-neglected and deeply-degraded people.—Ed.

that is far spent. May the Lord help me to make the best possible use of what remains in doing some little good to the souls and bodies of this long-neglected race; for to what purpose does a person live who lives wholly to himself? Yesterday brother Barnes preached, and brother Halstead exhorted: O, it was a blessed season. Brother H. particularly exhorted sister Morey and myself not to be discouraged, but to persevere in our labours among this poor degraded people, whatever privations we might experience; telling us, from the fulness of his soul, that we should not lose our reward. And, blessed be God, I thought if I could never have any other than that which I then felt in my soul, it would be a sufficient inducement to persevere.

I am frequently questioned by my red friends as to my willingness to accompany them to Green Bay, should they all, hereafter, sell their lands and conclude to go. As yet I have thought proper to give them no definite answer, but have simply asked them how they thought I could live there? I could neither hunt nor fish, nor should I have either house or land. The chief replied, "I guess I fix it." Another said, "We hunt for you." And another, "O, I work for you first; chop down the trees; build you a little house; make you garden:—Say you go." Dear people, should they be removed by the providence of God into that great wilderness, I doubt not but those will be found who will not count their lives dear unto themselves,

if, by accompanying them, they may be the means of helping them to heaven.

May 12th. Accompanied by the two brothers and sister Halstead, I once more visited my dear friends at Paris: found them in usual health, and attended the third anniversary of our female missionary society. Brother H. Halstead preached on the occasion, after which we elected our officers, and voted to appropriate our funds to the Oneida mission. Stayed one night at my dear father's, and returned the next day. In the evening several came in to see us, with whom we had a most precious season in prayer. Never, no never, shall I forget "the times of refreshing" I have enjoyed under the paternal roof. And may God Almighty bless my venerable parents, in the decline of life, with every temporal and spiritual comfort, and grant them at last an abundant entrance into his heavenly kingdom! As it is expected that more than one hundred of the Oneidas will remove during the next month to Green Bay, it had been reported to my friends that I was designing to go with them. To be informed otherwise gave them great relief. Still, as my mind had been so much exercised on the subject of an ultimate removal to that distant land, as to cause sleep to depart from my eyes, it was my design to converse freely with them respecting it; but, as the cross was so great, I concluded to defer the matter till it assumed a more definite shape.

Sunday, 20th. Brother Barnes preached to-

day, and brother Goodwin Stoddard exhorted: it was a good time. The question has again been proposed by the preachers, whether I should be willing to go "to the far west," if the rest of the natives should conclude to emigrate thither? But I did not feel free to answer, wishing to make it still further the subject of reflection and prayer. I, however, told them I should first wish to know it was my duty, and that were it not for two or three IFS, I could easily settle the question. I particularly had in my mind—the consent of my relatives—the society of a few choice friends—and the means to make me comfortable. But I leave this, as all else that concerns my future course, in the hands of God. My chief concern is, and hope ever will be, to know and do his blessed will.

My heart has been deeply humbled within me while reading the annual reports of the female and Dorcas missionary societies of New-York. I bless God for sympathizing friends, however distant. May the Lord continue to bless them, and cause their zeal to become still more warm and diffusive, till the missionary fire burns in every part of the Methodist connection! O, what a fulness there is in Christ! And as the provisions of the gospel are ample, so they encourage a universal application.

"O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucify'd;
For all, for all my Saviour died."

July 17th. Sister Barnes, missionary from Canada, who has been on a visit among her friends at the east, came very unexpectedly today, and with her three other sisters from New-York. Their visit was short, but to us very pleasant. While sister M. was preparing their dinner, they visited my school, and appeared much pleased, as well with the proficiency my scholars had made in their studies, as with their order and cleanliness. The shell was soon sounded, and, while our sisters were dining, the Indians came flocking together; when sister Barnes addressed them with much animation and power. It was indeed a memorable season, and one for which I feel peculiarly thankful. Never was my heart more in the work in which I am engaged, and I hope to spend and be spent in doing good to the poor heathen.

22d. The idea of fitting out a mission family for Green Bay is, for the present, relinquished; and it has been thought proper that sister M. and myself should continue where we are. For this blessing I feel truly thankful. Knowing that we have their confidence, we hope to be rendered a greater blessing to this people than heretofore, should our health be preserved, which, at present, is remarkably good. Some of the little boys can now read in the English Testament, and spell with astonishing accuracy, who, when we commenced teaching them, could scarcely understand a word that was said to them! I often think of the dear little creatures, thirty in number, who used to be members

of my school, but have now gone to the wilds of the west. Of the adults who emigrated, ten were members of society: these were formed into a class, and Antonio Wheelock appointed their leader. It may well be supposed that I felt much at parting with them; and my prayer to God is, that they may be kept from the evils to which they are exposed, and that in due time the faithful missionary may go among them to teach them the fear of the Lord.

Yesterday Bishop Hedding, with three preachers, visited my school; after which he preached to the natives through an interpreter on, "The Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost." There was much good feeling manifested by our red brethren, who, after the sermon, sung a hymn, shook hands with the bishop, and in a very simple and unaffected manner bade him farewell. He stayed with us till this afternoon, and if his visit was a thousandth part as pleasant and profitable to himself as it was to us, I am quite certain he will not soon forget it. May the great Head of the church accompany him in his labours of love wherever he may go, and may the heaven of eternal love be his final reward!

Aug. 18th. A messenger arrived, informing me that my father was sick, and wished me to come home immediately. I went, and found him, to all human appearance, on the very brink of the grave. Every kind of medicine having failed, I prescribed; and for three hours he lay quiet; so that I began to flatter myself

I should succeed: but my hope was soon blasted; his vomiting returned; and for several days and nights we were looking for him to breathe his last. On Wednesday evening, the 25th, we were called around his bed to see him expire: and what rendered the scene more awfully solemn and affecting was, my mother was very sick of the same complaint. Wrapped in a blanket, she was brought from another room to his bed-side: and O, to see them shake hands and hear them bid each other "farewell," both happy and resigned, gave rise to feelings of which it were useless to attempt a description. But that God who is rich in mercy, has, in answer to many prayers, graciously spared them both, I trust not only to *suffer* but to *do* his blessed will a little longer. On the 3d of September they were so far recovered that I considered myself at liberty to leave them, and accordingly returned to my arduous but still much-loved employment.

Saturday, Nov. 27th. Our new meeting-house is finished, and on Wednesday evening last was dedicated to Almighty God: sermon by brother Barnes on, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad;" which was followed by an excellent love-feast. Thursday morning I assembled my scholars at the school-house; several preachers were present; went through the usual exercises of reading, spelling, &c.; singing by the scholars, and prayer by brother B. Then walked to the new church; forty-three children were present;

and, though the weather was rainy, a large congregation assembled. Sermon in the morning by brother Gary, in the afternoon by brother Barnes, and in the evening by brother Fox. It was indeed a very interesting season; and as the work of the Lord still prospers, my prayer is, that it may go on till every red man of the woods is regenerated and disenthralled.

Christmas, Dec. 25th. We assembled at the new church this morning between the hours of twelve and one: heard two sermons, but understood very little of the one delivered in Indian. A class and prayer meeting followed. The Lord was present to bless the people, and I presume there were few present who did not feel that "the Day-star from on high had visited" them. Just as the day began to dawn I felt my heart stirred within me to speak of the loving-kindness of the Lord to us, fallen, wretched, and depraved sinners, in sending his Son into the world to suffer and die in our stead; and no sooner did I obey than my soul was "filled unutterably full of glory and of God." O how good the Saviour is to one so utterly unworthy!

"May I to his glory live,
And in his cause expire."

April 15th, 1831. I am now left alone with the exception of a little Indian boy, who appears to feel very much for me, and is very kind. Sister Morey was taken ill early in the month of March, and yesterday was obliged to leave. The heaviest of the work has, for some

time, devolved upon me, so that I have often feared that domestic occupations and the care of the school would prove too much for my slender constitution. But I have ventured forward in the name of the Lord, leaning upon his almighty arm, and trusting in his "great and precious promises."

27th. Have just received a letter from my sister J., which caused me both to weep and rejoice. I wept to be informed of the illness of my dear sister M., and of my brother's wife; but rejoiced to hear of the conversion of some of my old neighbours among the Presbyterians.

Though I had hoped for the company of one of my sisters, I am still alone. But hitherto the Lord hath comforted me, so that during my most lonely hours I have enjoyed some happy seasons. Lonely, did I say? In some sense, certainly, such has been my condition! for I have no one to associate with, from day to day, and from week to week, but the natives of the neighbourhood. Still, it affords me unspeakable consolation to *feel* that I am doing the will of God while imparting instruction to this rude yet happy people. The children are making most pleasant proficiency in their studies: eleven are reading in the Testament; four just commencing with arithmetic; five learning to write; and several little girls using their needles, some of whom can sew very handsomely: so that I trust I am usefully employed, however exhausting my task. But the best of all is, Jesus, the sinner's friend, is my constant com-

panion; and to wear out in his blessed service is infinitely preferable to a life of indolence and sloth. May I, therefore, not only be steadfast and unmoveable, but always *abound* in the work of the Lord; fully satisfied that whatever I do for him will not be in vain.

CHAPTER XV.

SUPERSEDED AT THE MISSION—RECALLED—CONNECTING AND FOLLOWING INCIDENTS.

JULY 26th. Brother Barnes has just returned from conference, and called to inform me that the bishop and missionary committee were of the opinion that a male teacher, who could board with brother Gary—now living about a mile distant—would be less expensive than to hire a housekeeper, furnish provisions, and employ me.* Accordingly, the Rev. J. M. Snyder, who, in consequence of bleeding at the lungs, is unable to take charge of a circuit, has been employed to teach the mission-school. I was however desired, if willing, to remain till Mr. S. came, which I did; for had I gone off

* It may perhaps be proper for me to say, that money was never my object in coming to this place. The missionary committee determined the amount of my compensation, without at all consulting me, which was to sister M. and myself one dollar per week each. We spent our *whole* time, in some way, for the benefit of this people: teaching the children, cutting and making garments, giving instruction in housewifery, and the like.—L. R.

suddenly and shut up the mission-house, the result might have been most unpleasant. The prospect of leaving was, on the whole, rather painful to my feelings; for, really, I could not be satisfied that my work was done. Besides, the people manifested great solicitude for me to remain: they would say, "Don't like it you go away, it look so lonesome: guess not good to have no woman here; sometime preachers come, no woman; may be they hungry—nobody give them any thing to eat."

Aug. 19th. Brother Snyder came on the 17th, and took charge of the school on the 18th. I, however, went in and spent a considerable portion of the forenoon of the next day; for some of the children were so bashful that they would hardly enter the school-house, and I had to use all my influence with them to persuade them to come. The eyes of my scholars followed me as I left, and I could plainly see them struggling with their rising emotions. Poor little things—how much I felt for them!

The first chief called just now to know when I designed to leave, and, turning to his brother, the preacher, requested him to appoint a meeting to bid me farewell. As I have witnessed their downcast looks when parting with their friends, the thoughts of such a meeting are almost overpowering to my feelings. May the God of all grace and comfort grant me his supporting presence!

I find, on looking over my school list, that I have instructed eighty native scholars, from

three years old up to twenty-eight; have taught eighteen to knit and sew; ten to write; six the first principles of arithmetic; six to read quite intelligibly in the English Reader; seventeen in the New Testament; fourteen in easy lessons in the spelling-book; and nearly all to spell in one or two syllables. I know not how many marriages have been solemnized in the Big Orchard party since I have resided among them; but quite a number, several of the parties to which were my scholars. There have been fifteen deaths, mostly of infants or small children: two of the deceased were my scholars; the eldest about fifteen and a member of society. As he lived at a distance, and was buried during my absence, I did not learn the particulars of his sickness and death. Peter Day, a young man lately married, died of the consumption. He should probably be regarded as the first fruits of the work of God at Oneida. He bore his sickness, which was long and painful, with Christian patience and fortitude; and a few minutes before he breathed his last, said to his brothers, "Don't weep for me—I am going home: all that I am sorry for is, that you have not got good, so as to go home with me." He not only died but was buried on the same day of the week as my brother J., though eight years after, which brought the circumstances attending the death of the latter very distinctly and vividly to my recollection.

Tuesday 29th. Had some hard struggles through the day yesterday, and in the evening

took a sort of formal leave of my red friends. Grace enabled me to conquer my feelings far beyond what I anticipated. How good the Lord is! May I never cease to praise him.

This morning some of the more devoted sisters came in to give me their thanks and their blessings: the interview was, indeed, more than I could well bear: the Lord comfort and sustain them, and grant us a final union of spirits in "the regions of pleasure and love." After a very agreeable visit at the house of brother Barnes, and attending a very lively and profitable meeting with the native brethren at the Castle, I returned once more to the house of my dear parents, where I found all well.

Oct. 16th. I have spent the time since I returned rather agreeably in journeying, visiting friends, &c.; but have, at the same time, passed through some pretty severe mental conflicts. Occasionally my distress has been great, and I could find no rest only in giving up myself anew to God, and in a full determination to

> "Leave to his sovereign sway
> To choose and to command."

To-day I am more than ordinarily "cast down." Still I "hope in God," and believe I shall yet "praise him." I sometimes think that, judging from my former exercises, the way will soon open before me, and that my ardent desire to be useful to my fellow-candidates for "immortality and eternal life" will in some way be gratified. Lord, I am in thy hands: deal with thine handmaid as seemeth thee good.

Nov. 23d. Have just received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Case, superintendent of the Indian missions in Canada, now confined by ill health in Utica, requesting me to meet him at that place to-morrow morning, and, if consistent, as soon as his health will permit, go on with him as a school teacher to the field of his labors. Cheerfully would I have accepted this offer had I been in a condition to do so; but, having been sick for more than a fortnight with a violent influenza, my way is, for the present, quite hedged up. There may, however, be a special providence in this call: at any rate, I will leave myself in the hands of God to be disposed of according to his sovereign and gracious pleasure.

Dec. 5th. I remain very feeble and my flesh is gradually wasting away, but feel very thankful that I am beneath the paternal roof at this inclement season, where I am blest with every desirable comfort, of which thousands, under similar circumstances, are wholly deprived. The language of my soul is, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" May it ever be "a perfect heart, and a willing mind" cheerfully to obey him in all things.

Jan. 1st, 1832. My health is much better, and I have found it both pleasant and profitable to hear the word preached to-day for the first time in eight weeks. But I am sorry our society prospers no more: I think I never saw it in a more languid state. There is a painful lack of discipline among us: class and prayer meet-

ings, if attended at all, are but poorly attended. How do the ways of Zion mourn! O that hinderances to the prosperity of religion may be speedily removed!

During my afflictions I have enjoyed much inward consolation. God has been my sun and shield. O how undeserving, and yet how blest!

Feb. 3d. I had been planning several visits, a few days since, when I felt an inward check, as if my duty lay in a different direction. The impression was so strong, that I resolved, for the present, to suspend the execution of my designs, and wait the developments of Providence. Last evening I received a letter from the superintendent of the Oneida mission, informing me that the health of brother Snyder is so far recovered that he is disposed to resume his ministerial labours, and inviting me again to take charge of the mission-school. To-day Mr. S. has been to see me on the subject, and I have concluded, should my health continue to improve, to take his place in about two weeks.

18th. Left my father's yesterday, dined with brother B. at Vernon Centre, and reached the mission-house between three and four o'clock, P. M., where I was received with great cordiality. To-day several of my old friends, their countenances beaming with pleasure, have been in to see me and bid me welcome. They speak in high terms of Mr. S., but still want some one to teach them domestic economy and such other kindred branches as would fall more pro-

perly within the range of female instruction. And now, Lord, help me to give myself wholly to thee, and, under thee, to the improvement of this dear people.

March 15th. I have reason to "sing of mercy" no less than of "judgment." After stopping the crevices in the old school-house with rags, and making it as comfortable as I could, I commenced school, agreeably to my calculations, on the 20th ultimo, and, with the exception of one day, have continued it to the present time. Though I have had some cold, my health is as good as could be expected. In our dwelling there is but one door that will come together: that being an outside one, we have hung up blankets, and comforted ourselves with the reflection that it will not be winter *always*. Still, I could not help, now and then, contrasting my situation with the one I had so recently left; and yet we are far better off than many of our neighbours. The children appear anxious to learn, and I am so abundantly blessed in endeavouring to instruct them, that I am quite compensated for any little inconveniences I experience. The society is much engaged; the same spirit of union prevails as when I left six months since, and much of the divine presence is still realized among the members.

The Rev. Messrs. Case and Barnes, and John Sunday, (the latter a native from Upper Canada,) came here yesterday; the two former just after I had closed school. I however called in the children, when some of them read

and others recited. In the evening brother Case preached, and John Sunday exhorted.

Sunday, March 19th. A very tedious day: but, however blustering, we went about three miles to the church formerly occupied by the Episcopalians, now by the Methodists, where we heard the Rev. Mr. Case preach a very excellent discourse from 1 Tim. iv, 10, "For therefore we both labour and suffer reproach, because we trust in the living God, who is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe." In consequence of the storm very few were present. I should myself have suffered much had I not borrowed an Indian blanket; for just as I had got my hood and coat on, I stepped to the door to see if I could get a ride in the sleigh of a brother then passing, and in my hurry forgot to take my mantle. The circumstance, however, by no means operated to my disadvantage among my red friends, who thought the blanket became me exceedingly! After we had dined I heard D. J. preach in Indian: stayed in class: not another white person present. But "there is no respect of persons with God:" my soul was happy, while theirs seemed filled to overflowing. In the evening several came in, to whom I read the Scriptures, and answered questions. What a delightful task to instruct the ignorant and direct the inquiring! We closed the evening with a prayer meeting, conducted partly in Mohawk, partly in Chippewa, and partly in English. Thus have I spent one more holy sabbath, profitably

to myself, and I hope in some measure usefully to this interesting people.

As John Sunday stayed here several days, while brother Case went on an excursion still further to the west, I had a good opportunity to observe his general conduct and character. He spent his time either in visiting, attending meetings, chopping wood at our door, reading the Scriptures in school, or studying them at home, or in the woods pouring out his soul in prayer to God. One day, as he had been absent a long time, I made some inquiry, supposing he had been out visiting: "No," said he, "I felt very bad, as though I had a great work to do, and I have been away beyond that great hill in the woods to pray. You know when folks clear up their land they cut down some big trees, and they want help to roll up the great logs: just so I want help. I can't lift alone, and I have been out to ask Jesus Christ to help me; and now I feel some stronger." Then taking down my Bible from the mantelpiece, and clasping it to his bosom, he said, "O how I love this good book!"

He told me that six years ago he understood only three words of English, which were, "pint"—"quart"—"whiskey." Having been drunk at Salmon River, in Canada, when he got a little over the paroxysm he went to procure more strong drink; but the trader, though an intemperate man himself, would let him have no more; and told him he must go to Belleville—a distance of some six or seven miles—

and hear that Indian talk, for he had something good to say to Indian. Accordingly he went and got his blanket, and then hired another Indian to carry him in his sleigh; but when he arrived there the meeting had begun, and the house was so full that he could not get in: so he sat down on a pile of wood, and remained till the close of the meeting, though he could hear nothing. When the meeting ended, Peter Jones (the preacher) came out and shook hands with him, but said nothing. In the evening the same individual preached again, when Sunday went in and heard, for the first time in his life, the gospel of Christ; and so deep was the impression it made upon his mind, that he slept but little that night. The next morning he heard him again, then went home, thinking a great deal about the good word, and told his family what he had heard; and so bad did he feel, that for days and nights he scarcely slept or ate. After this he thought it his duty to go round and tell the other Indians they must be good and drink no more whiskey. He went accordingly. When he returned he thought he must pray with his family, but felt so bad he could say but little. Still he "cried a great deal," and went often into the woods to pray. By and by the man that carried him to Belleville began to pray, and his own wife also got down upon her knees. About four weeks after his first visit to Belleville, he went again to that place, and heard Mr. Case preach: at the close of the meeting, Mr. C. spoke to him

through an interpreter, and asked him how he felt? And on his replying, "Very bad," encouraged him to persevere in seeking the Lord, assuring him God would be found of him. It was not, however, till after the lapse of four months that he obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of his sins; though he continued all this time to exhort others, and was thus instrumental in leading many souls to Christ before he himself was made a new creature.

When Sunday was about leaving Canada, some of his friends asked him where he was going? He replied, "Quebec," not telling them he was coming quite into the States. He said he knew not what they would think when they found he had been here. "But," said he, "when I go back I must tell them the words of God: he didn't say, Go and preach only to the king's subjects, but, 'Go ye into *all the world*, and preach the gospel to *every creature*.'"

March 31st. Yesterday went with my housekeeper to see one of our sick sisters, living quite a distance in the woods, and was happy to find her fast recovering. I carried her some bread, and as soon as her babe saw it, he reached out his little hand, into which I put a small piece: the little fellow devoured it with the greatest avidity, looking at me with an expression of gratitude that cannot be described.

We then went to make a call at the widow Scanadore's. She was not at home, having gone in quest of provisions, but we found her venerable father and mother. The old woman

was out of doors gathering chips for the night, but, on seeing us, she left her basket and asked us to go in. Recollecting, however, her former kindness in picking up sticks for us when we were destitute of wood and candles, I assisted her in filling her basket. We then went in, and found the old man lying in one corner, having nothing on his person but an old shirt, vest, and pair of leggins, with a piece of an old calico quilt wrapped about his middle, one end of which passed over a stick of wood that served him for a pillow! Such had been his clothing during the severity of a cold winter! By the side of him lay a cold potatoe and a piece of Indian dumpling—his only food!! The poor old man seemed very glad to see us, and when I asked him if he still loved Jesus and delighted in praying to him, he very emphatically said, "Yes," and raised himself partly up to talk with me. After a little time spent in conversation and prayer, I returned quite fatigued, but resolved to do something for the relief of these aged sufferers. At class in the evening I was not a little comforted. O how good the Lord is to me! I daily feel the necessity of living nearer to him, that I may be the better prepared for usefulness.

April 5th. Last night, sister B. having gone on a visit to her brother's, I stayed alone; but I was not at all lonesome, being busily employed in making some pillows for the old people named above, which I filled with straw from my bed; and since school to-day, accompanied

by one of their grand-children, I have been to carry them, together with a blanket and some other articles. After crossing streams, and logs, and snow-drifts, I at length reached the place almost utterly exhausted; but I soon forgot this when I saw the relief I had afforded them, and especially their uplifted eyes to heaven, and heard them express their gratitude to God, and invoke his blessings upon me both in Indian and broken English. Just as I was going to leave, the good old woman pointing the way I had come, said, "This road not good." Then, pointing upward, said, "Yo yanby ka ronh ya gon ton da," i. e., *Good to heaven always.* I returned alone, just as "the king of day" with his own peculiar grandeur was retiring behind the hills, and clothing the tops of the trees, as well as the light floating clouds of the evening, from his own vermilion wardrobe—and was seldom more happy. Nature herself seemed to chime in with my feelings, and I scarcely knew how I got over the ground. Went to meeting in the evening, where God was eminently present to own and bless his people.

15th. To-day visited two sick persons; one an aged chief who experienced religion about a year since. Though his sufferings were great, he appeared resigned and happy: the other an infant, and an orphan child. As I entered the house where the latter lay, I found a number of pious females singing a hymn to a very plaintive and impressive air. The mother was deeply affected. I endeavoured to

console her by telling her what Jesus had said respecting little children, and soon she became quite composed. After praying with them I left, but fear they understood but little. I sometimes feel a great desire to understand their language, that I may be the more useful to them. But then how little do I know! and I am too constantly employed to admit of my learning much more.

J. C., a neighbour of ours, and a very pious and devoted Christian, came in one day and said to me with great earnestness, "What makes Universalist? He got larning, I suppose. He read a great deal. He read all the Bible. So he say. He tell Indian, 'No hell!' I don't believe what he say. Indian very wicked: he always know there be hell. If he wicked when he die, then he go there. May be Universalist go there: then I guess he believe hell."

Some time after this J. C., with one of the chiefs, called on this Universalist, when he addressed the chief as follows: "Well Jacob, how do you do—pretty good yet?" "Yes," replied the chief, "pretty good—I like it." "But," said the Universalist, "there is no hell: I can read the Bible as well as any minister." "What makes so many people go to meeting then?" interrogated the chief. "Because," responded the Universalist, "the minister wants to see a great many people together, and tell them a fine story." "Well," said Jacob, "if you can read all the Bible, I suppose you have read about the rich man and Lazarus: and what

has become of the rich man?" The Universalist was silent, and I have never since heard of his troubling the Indians.

May 8th. My mind has been variously and rather singularly exercised for several days past. Sometimes I feel very cheerful; at others a fearful foreboding of something to come. And yet my mind rests on the promises of God, and I feel that I could cheerfully resign myself into his hand, soul and body, for time and eternity. This very day I feel that Christ is all and in all; and whether I live long, or suffer much, or die suddenly, I do know, blessed be God, that I am pardoned and accepted through the blood of the everlasting covenant. Still, inexplicable as it may seem, my distress at times is almost utterly overpowering. Why or wherefore, I cannot tell. There is nothing in my circumstances, either inward or outward, to which I can attribute it. But in the midst of all I continue to look to God, and most submissively say,

"Through fire and water bring
Into the wealthy place;
And teach me the new song to sing,
When perfected in grace."

June 10th. My mind has been much more tranquil and free from anxiety since I last wrote; and I have been much drawn out in prayer for a deeper work of grace in my own soul, and for the blessing of God to rest upon my labours in school. For what is a knowledge of letters, of the arts and sciences, with-

out a knowledge of sins forgiven? A mere empty pageant. But the union of both is a substantial acquisition, and prepares one not only for a useful life, but for a happy death, and glorious immortality.

A succession of colds very materially affecting my lungs, has obliged me to discontinue my school for a short time; so that I have been at liberty to visit my parents, and enjoy for a few days the society of my old friends. The relaxation has been profitable to my soul as well as body. Some new arrangements in regard to the native schools have been in contemplation, which have occasioned me a degree of pain and anxiety; but finally all has been settled to my perfect satisfaction. Blessed be God for all his mercies.

July 30th. To-day we have had a severe thunder-storm, accompanied with hail and rain, together with a strong north-west wind, which has levelled fences, prostrated corn-fields, and broken many panes of glass. The mission premises have shared somewhat largely in the general ruin. What a mercy that I yet live! Surely, "He who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh upon the wings of the wind," has been my "shield and buckler." Sister B. having gone to meeting, I was left alone, and had to exert myself exceedingly to keep the excited elements from bursting in the door, &c. But my soul, calmly stayed upon God, was kept in perfect peace. Indeed, I have seldom enjoyed such elevation of feeling, being strongly

inclined to vie with the elements in shouting the praises of MY ALMIGHTY FRIEND. I had just been reading a sermon written by the Rev. John Dempster, on the shortness of time, which perhaps more fully prepared me for the storm. But no thanks are due to my natural courage; for all is of grace.

Aug. 21st. Have just received a letter from my parents, advising and requesting me to come home, as the cholera is in our very neighbourhood. Under these circumstances they they think it not safe for sister B. and myself to remain here alone, and that we had better go among our friends. This indeed would be very gratifying to my natural feelings; but I cannot feel justified in so doing at present, and have written to them accordingly. No doubt my parents feel deeply for my safety, and I would cheerfully obey their call if I thought Heaven would approve. But I must wait yet a little longer: it may be for the trial of my faith: or possibly I shall fall a victim to the dreadful malady. Well, be it so: I had much rather die at my post, and have this frail tabernacle deposited on yonder side-hill to mingle with the dust of our red friends, than dishonour God, the supreme object of my affections.

Sept. 7th. Being quite unwell near the close of the last month, and supposing my symptoms to indicate the cholera, I judged it prudent to return to my father's. Availing myself of an easy carriage, I accordingly did so. But as my health appeared much better, it was my

design to return to the mission this afternoon. In this, however, I have been disappointed; for in the morning I was again taken quite ill: and though I succeeded in abating the violence of the attack, so that on the following sabbath I was much better, yet at about eleven o'clock at night I awoke in great distress. All my symptoms indicated a violent attack of the disease just named. I called my sister M. and cousin E., who arose immediately and helped me down stairs, by which time my limbs grew cold, and it was with great difficulty I breathed. Though conscious of my danger I felt perfectly calm, and directed them to give me first a hot camphor sling, and then red pepper tea, to bathe my feet in warm water, and to rub my limbs with flannel made wet with strong vinegar and pepper, which, with the heat of a large fire, soon restored circulation and produced perspiration, when I became easy. But had I not, under the blessing of God, obtained speedy relief, it is not at all probable I should have seen the light of another day. Still my soul was exceedingly happy, and I silently gave glory to the God of heaven. I continued to improve; so that on the succeeding Thursday I returned in company with my mother to the mission. We reached the mission-house between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, which we found locked up, and my house-keeper was gone. We were exceedingly fatigued, but we got into the house, and took up our lodgings for the night, though I slept but little. After breakfast

my mother went in pursuit of sister B.; but as the natives with whom the latter had left word, did not understand well enough to give us suitable information, she returned about noon without her, bringing, however, a lovely little girl, Maryett, the daughter of the Rev. George Gary, to stay with me. As soon as we had dined she started off again, but did not return with sister B. till just at dark, and I am sure if I was ever glad to see my mother it was then; for during her absence I was again taken ill with decided symptoms of the cholera. What a mercy I was not entirely alone! The dear little girl, just named, said she would not leave me if I did have the cholera, unless it was to go and get a squaw to help take care of me; "For," said she, "I can do any thing for you you will direct; and now do, Miss Richards, lie down, for you look so distressed." The kindness of this child, only about ten years old, has left an impression on my mind time can never efface. May she never want a friend to administer to her necessities, or give her the cup of consolation in the time of sorrow!

CHAPTER XVI.

SICKNESS—LEAVES THE MISSION FINALLY—JOURNAL CONTINUED.

SEPT. 22d. Making use of the remedies we had at command, I was relieved from the dis-

tress noticed on the 7th instant, but so exceedingly dubious was the state of my health that it was judged best for me to return immediately to the house of my father. So great was my distress, however, that I was very fearful I should not be able to reach home. But being divinely supported we arrived the next day at about two o'clock, P. M., when I felt unspeakable gratitude for a bed on which to rest a pained and wearied body. Remained very feeble till the following Monday, when I had a second attack, though a less severe one than the former. To-day, though very feeble, and able to sit up but a part of the time, my prospect of returning health is rather more favourable. I am kept from anxiety, being fully satisfied if the Lord has any thing for me to do, that the strength requisite for the accomplishment of it will, in due time, be imparted: therefore I am willing to be active, or lie perfectly passive in his hands.

Oct. 30th. My health having considerably improved, I judged it my duty once more to return to the mission; having been absent just nine weeks. Miss Mary Mahan, a pious young lady of the Presbyterian order, was employed to take my place in the school during my absence. Though she had taught only about four weeks, yet she had become so much attached to the scholars that she felt much in parting with them. In the evening we went to meeting, and heard James Johnson preach most powerfully in Indian. It

was indeed a refreshing time. Love and union still prevail among this dear people, and by consequence the work of God is still on the advance.

Nov. 24th. Though my health has not been quite as good as usual since my late attack, yet I am thankful in having another opportunity to record the loving-kindness of the Lord. Perhaps indeed it is hardly reasonable to expect good health, especially while I have so much upon my hands. Besides my labour in school and fitting clothing for the children, I have had to take the immediate oversight of putting my house in repair for winter. But

> "Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
> If thou, my God, art here."

On Monday I experienced an unexpected kindness at the hand of sister Gary in the reception of a most desirable article of provision; just what I had been thinking would relish, but had not the means to procure. O how I blessed her while I partook of her bounty! Did the wealthy but consider how much they have it in their power to do good in this way, the pressing wants of many a poor missionary would be speedily relieved. However, I am generally contented with such things as I have. It is not my desire, by any means, to fare sumptuously. No, indeed. My sole design in coming to the place was, to be useful to the souls and bodies of my fellow-creatures. And now, though I continue feeble, I attend to the duties of my school with unmingled pleasure.

Dec. 12th. Since writing the above I have

been taken more unwell, and have been obliged to discontinue my school. Sometimes I fear I shall have to leave for the winter—*if not for ever*. Painful thought, especially to leave at this season of the year, when the natives so much need my aid in fitting garments, and the like. But the Lord will provide. When he takes care of us we are in safe hands. I shall probably remain a few days, and then, if I do not feel better, leave for home.

Friday 21st. I am able to sit up but little, having a regular fever and other threatening symptoms. Under these circumstances, it is thought, by the head chief and others, I had better leave, and accordingly I have determined to do so to-morrow morning.

Saturday morning. As it was not generally known that I was going away, but few came in to take their leave of me. Some tears were shed. Indeed, it would be hardly possible to describe the emotions with which I left this consecrated spot—*perhaps to return no more for ever*. Having engaged Miss Mahan to take my place till I shall see how it will go with me, I started for home, being conveyed by brother Cornelius, a native, and arrived there a little before night; where I found all well.

Dec. 29th. What a blessing in the time of sickness to be beneath the paternal roof! Though probably the foundation of my complaint is not broken up, yet I am a little more comfortable. I feel a heavenly calm within, and sweetly repose myself on the bosom of my

Beloved. While meditating to-day on the following passage I was greatly comforted: "The work of righteousness shall be peace; and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever." The consciousness of doing, and of having done, right, brings a present "peace" to the mind, of which the wicked have no adequate conception: and then the blessed anticipation of "quietness and assurance for ever." Surely this *is* my inheritance.

Jan. 2d, 1833. Yesterday, pursuant to invitation, all my father's family met at the house of my brother-in-law, Mr. J. C. When I reflected that, in all probability, it was the last time the *whole* family would be together, and especially that some of them, as I had reason to fear, were not prepared to die, my mind was deeply solemn and my heart much affected. I was led to pray with more than usual earnestness for the conversion of my brother-in-law, and have reason to believe he felt something of divine influence. He is naturally kind and affectionate, and it seems he needs nothing but "the one thing needful" to make him happy and useful. O, if I could see him enjoying this before I go hence, my last wish with respect to him would be realized.

March 12th. Some of our red brethren from Oneida have been to visit me, and have brought a letter from Miss Mahan. The intelligence is most gratifying. She has succeeded in establishing a Sunday school, which I would have been forward to do if I had had sufficient strength

and a little more help. Between forty and fifty scholars are already attached to it! The Lord bless them. I have no greater joy, except the peace of God in my own soul, than to hear of the prosperity of the poor Indians. The missionary flame still glows in my heart, and though I would not be in the way of others, yet I sometimes cherish a faint hope that I shall so far recover my health as to be able to return to my much-loved employment. But in this, as in every thing else relating to my destiny, the will of the Lord be done. Should he see best to continue my afflictions, I trust through grace cheerfully to submit.

24th. I am still spared, and have been able to read more to-day than usual, which I esteem a great privilege. Besides the word of God, several interesting tracts have come under my notice, the reading of which has given a new impulse to my religious feelings. Sometimes I think I never had a higher appreciation of my spiritual advantages than at present, and yet, alas, how little I enjoy!

"O Jesus, raise me higher!"

Have just heard that good old father West is no more. He died happy in God, on the 12th of March last, at the house of his son, Dr. A. West, of Binghampton, Broome county, with whom he has lived for several years. O how it makes my soul rejoice, when I think how many precious friends of mine have got safe home to heaven! Yes, many who prayed and

laboured for my salvation are now waiting to welcome me into everlasting habitations. Well, thank God, I feel that I am on the way, and that after a few more conflicts I shall join that much-loved company, who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

April 6th. At the request of the preacher in charge, our society met to-day for a kind of general class. Being myself too unwell to attend, I thought it might be well for me to enter into a close examination of my own heart at home. And, first, do I love God? I do: I have not the least doubt of it. But, do I love him as I ought, as is both my duty and privilege? I fear not: indeed, I am quite sensible I come far short of it. What then am I resolved to do? By the help of God I am resolved to do better, to consecrate all my powers to him and his blessed service. The Lord mercifully strengthen me in my purposes. And now, do I love the children of God? I have no doubt of it,—but am painfully impressed I have not been as faithful as I should have been in admonishing and reproving them, when I saw them out of the way: my own weakness and liability to err have operated as a sort of restraint. The Lord forgive me wherein I have come short in this matter. Do I love poor sinners? In some measure, though I fear I do not at all times realize their danger as I should; for if so, I should continually urge them to repentance, and to make sure work for eternity.

God of love, help me for the time to come to be more faithful, and may I yet be the humble instrument of bringing some poor wanderer to the knowledge of the truth.

Sunday 21st. Last Thursday the corpse of Mrs. K., who died of the consumption, perfectly resigned to the divine will, was carried by; and to-day the procession has just passed with the remains of deacon Bishop, an aged and infirm man, but an exemplary Christian. I have been led to make the solemn inquiry, Who next shall be summoned to appear before God? Merciful Father, is it I? It is not improbable: I know of no one more likely to fall beneath the pale horse and his rider; for I have suffered much during the last twenty-four hours, and my health is constantly on the decline. But in my greatest distress I feel unspeakable consolation in trusting in God, and relying upon his precious promises; so that if referred to my choice to live or die, I could only say, "Thy will be done." I have proved grace sufficient in a thousand forms of affliction, and can now rest assured that I shall not be forsaken, even if God should see fit to inflict still greater sufferings.

28th. I am a little better, but I know not what a day may bring forth. When in my greatest distress a query often arises in my mind, whether, if I could be entirely healed of my infirmities, I would be willing to go again and instruct the Indians? I think I should, for I feel the missionary spirit "like a fire shut up

in my bones," although deeply humbled under a sense of my unworthiness, having done so little in so good a cause. But the great Head of the church has a perfect right to choose whom he pleases to do his work, and he can easily lay aside an unprofitable instrument like myself, and select another; or he can restore me, after I am sufficiently tried, and employ me again. I would, therefore, cheerfully submit to his wise disposal, whether the result be life or death, knowing that he cannot err.

May 25th. Have just received a most welcome epistle from my cousin, Dr. J. W. R., containing his views on the subject of missions, accompanied with ten dollars collected by himself from friends at White Creek, to assist in defraying expenses when I was employed at the Oneida mission. The contribution afforded me great relief; and O may Heaven's most precious blessing rest upon every donour!

Still very feeble, being able to sit up only a part of the time. But all is ordered in truth and uprightness. I could easily "borrow trouble," as the phrase is, and am indeed obliged to resist temptation. May the Lord give me patience to suffer, grace to improve, and a full preparation to meet every providential dispensation; and then all will be well.

August 13th. My afflictions increase, but my consolations in Christ proportionately abound, and I feel there is nothing like religion. To-day the class leader from H., brother W. Buckley, his wife, and sisters S. and W., have been

to visit us. What a blessing to have praying associates, and to receive their godly admonitions! We held sweet converse respecting the old land-marks, or highway of holiness, the perfect love of God filling the whole soul. Thank God, this doctrine remains good yet, and will till time shall end. O that we, as a people, may never lose sight of it!

Sunday, Aug. 18th. While sitting alone this morning, being in severe bodily pain, I was meditating on the goodness of God, and felt a strong inclination to sing. Accordingly I commenced,—

"Lord, all I am is known to thee,
In vain my soul would try;"

and before I had concluded one verse my soul was so filled with "joy in the Holy Ghost," that I could hardly refrain from shouting the praises of God. And when I retired to my "closet" to pour out my soul to Him that "seeth in secret," O what a sacred nearness did I feel to the triune God! No wonder that my eyes poured forth tears of gratitude, and that my undivided heart was drawn out in love. Lord, let my dear brethren, now gathered together in thy name, participate in the same holy blessing!

Aug. 29th. The Rev. B. G. Paddock and wife made us a short but pleasant visit to-day, which brought many past occurrences very distinctly to my recollection. The first time I ever saw him was at the house of father Cooley, on that memorable day when I was baptized and joined society. Subsequently he was on

our circuit, and many a time preached the gospel to much profit in the dwelling of my father. I remember at one time when he preached, that the Spirit of God was so poured out that sinners cried aloud for mercy; and that when he engaged in prayer for the daughter of deacon P., the latter came and told her she *must* go home. She reluctantly obeyed, but experienced religion soon after. About the same time another daughter of deacon P. found the Saviour under my father's roof. The prejudices of the old gentleman, if not entirely removed, appear now to be materially abated, so that he occasionally meets with us with much apparent delight.

Thursday, October 3d. The forty-first anniversary of my natural existence. As in the case of Job, "wearisome nights" as well as days "are appointed unto me." I now have a regular fever, night sweats, a troublesome cough—in a word, the usual accompaniments of a confirmed hectic, the combined influence of which is gradually wasting my flesh and strength. Well, be it so. My prospect brightens beyond the tomb. I have not the least doubt that my peace is made with God through the blood of the everlasting covenant, and should I be soon called to pass "the dark valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil." The first chapter of St. James's Epistle has strengthened me, especially when tempted to fear my patience might not hold out under the great amount of bodily affliction through which I am

called to pass. Precious book—the volume of divine inspiration!

October 22d. Though I have availed myself of the best medical advice within my reach, I am still sinking under the accumulating weight of bodily disease. Still I can adopt the language of the plaintive Jeremiah: "The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in him." Twenty-four years ago the day before yesterday I united with the church in this place; and although I feel like a mere cipher, it is a consolation to me to know that my name is still enrolled with the people of God. I hope to live and die in the Methodist Episcopal Church; for I as firmly believe in its doctrine and discipline as ever: should others swerve from them, *they* must see to it: "to their own master they stand or fall."

The Rev. Mr. Seys* is, I learn, appointed to the Oneida mission. He has moved into the mission-house where I lived, and is to teach the school. This is, it seems to me, as it should be: live among the natives, and endeavour to do them all possible good. The Lord bless and prosper brother S. and his family in their arduous enterprise.

Sunday, 27th. Though I have suffered much since I wrote last, I am more comfortable to-day, and feel that God is still near. I am able, now and then, to read a chapter in the blessed Bible, or some of our hymns, or a biographical

* Now superintendent of the Methodist missions in Western Africa.—Ed.

sketch, or missionary report from that excellent paper, the Christian Advocate and Journal; all of which affords me matter of praise and thanksgiving to God. My attention has been particularly drawn to the words of the lamented Cox: "Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up!" I would rather say, Let the cause of missions *never*, no NEVER, be given up till all the nations of the earth are converted to God, even though *millions* should fall ere that era arrive.

"'Tis a blessed work but just begun,
Onward with time O may it run,
Till time shall cease to be."

Nov. 28th. My disease continues to wear upon me, and I sometimes feel such depression of spirits that I am tempted to think I am not wholly resigned to the will of God. If, however, I am not, I am greatly deceived. What though I have not as much elevation of feeling as at some former times, I am still enabled to exercise an unshaken confidence in God; a confidence, of which, I am persuaded, all the powers of darkness will not be able to deprive me.

"Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

30th. I have passed a very restless night, but feel a sweet calm throughout my soul. Surely the Lord is with me in the furnace. Yesterday Dr. M. called in to see me. After a little examination, he asked me if I thought I should

recover? I told him I could not reasonably expect it. He said my disease was a very flattering one, and that sometimes those who were afflicted with it thought themselves recovering till they were gone! "Can you, said he," say with the apostle Paul, 'For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain?'" What an unspeakable consolation that I could answer in the affirmative. And how differently did I feel on his departure from what I did a few days since when a friend came in and said, "How do you do?" and, before I had time to answer him, proceeded, "Why are you not up washing? I do not see but that your countenance looks as well as it has done for a long time." Now these words grieved me to the heart, though, as he has since assured me, they were doubtless spoken ironically. His object was, in thus speaking, to suppress his own feelings and raise mine; but I requested him never to attempt it again in such a manner. A soft word or a kind look, accompanied with a comforting passage of Scripture, will do more to cheer and gladden the heart of the afflicted disciple than the most exquisite humour that was ever conceived.

Sunday evening, Dec. 1st. The Rev. George White called at our house this afternoon, as he was too unwell to go to his appointment; and, like a faithful minister of the New Testament, inquired into the state of my soul: a practice which, I am sorry to say, is too frequently neglected at the present day. And when he prayed, the Holy Spirit was so poured forth,

that, " ere I was aware, my soul was made like the chariots of Ammi-nadib," and I was constrained to glorify God with a loud voice. May the useful life of brother W. be long spared, and may he be a great blessing to the church in general, and to the circuit in particular!

Dec. 29th. Through the tender mercy of God I have been able to read more within the last three weeks than during two months before. Yes, I have had quite a feast in reading the first volume of Doctor A. Clarke's Life; for almost every page would call forth the tear of sympathy or the smile of joy. Good and great man, he now rests from his labours and sufferings, and his works do follow him! And while I admire the spirit of the author, as well as the style in which the book is written, I would address an ardent petition to the throne of grace that I may, according to my humble capacity, follow him as he followed Christ; for it was, in my apprehension, his deep piety, no less than his extraordinary literary attainments, that distinguished his character.

January 1st, 1834, (Wednesday evening, six o'clock.) I have been reviewing my past life, and am humbled as in the dust under a sense of my unworthiness. Not a few within the circle of my acquaintance, who a year since were healthy, active, and vigorous, have gone the way of all the earth. And wherefore am I spared? Is it not that I may glorify thee, O thou Most High? Gracious Redeemer, help me, henceforth, to answer the great end of my being!

I have been confined to the house a little more than four months, and at times suffer much; but how little in comparison with what my Saviour suffered for me: and yet I have sometimes been reminded of his agony, when "his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Still, if I know my own heart, I am willing to live and suffer, or to suffer and die; only so that God may be glorified, and my salvation finally secured.

This morning I commenced reading the first chapter in Genesis, at noon the first Psalm, and at evening the first chapter in St. Matthew's Gospel; and, in the same progressive order, I design, should my life be spared, to read my Bible through. How manifold are thy mercies, O Lord God Almighty! May I never cease praising thee!

As our Christian Advocate and Journal did not come this week, we borrowed one. My sister has just been reading the good news, especially that which relates to the prosperity of the Oneida mission. Not only are the schools again flourishing, but the pagan Indians are turning to the Lord; in view of which my soul rejoices exceedingly.

25th. I am some better, yet in my most comfortable moments have sufficient pain to remind me of my mortality and of approaching eternity. I have some happy seasons in waiting on God in secret, while my prospects remain as clear as ever with regard to a future world. As we now have a protracted meeting in pro-

gress, we have been favoured with the company of the reverend brethren Gary, Barnes, Puffer, and White. There are, however, so many stumbling-blocks in the way that we fear little good will be done. And yet it is possible for Him who seeth not as man seeth to overrule these adverse circumstances, and to bless the preaching of his own truth to the awakening and conversion of sinners. Would to God it may be so!

Feb. 5th. The meeting above mentioned was concluded rather abruptly on Sunday afternoon, in consequence of a severe snow-storm. No doubt Satan was well pleased; and how far his agency was concerned it is impossible to say; for he is doubtless still "the prince of the power of the air." His kingdom was evidently in danger, for not only was there a general apparent seriousness, but several had arisen for prayers. Of this number was the daughter of our late brother Seth Smith, who, on the Wednesday evening following, was happily converted to God at Sauquoit, where our brethren have made a most successful extra effort. Would that circumstances were such as to authorize the expectation of a general effusion of the Holy Spirit! But God deals with us as rational, accountable creatures. O that, as such, we may repent and turn to him with weeping and supplication! and *then* it may be that the Holy Spirit will once more return to this highly favoured people.

For myself, I feel that every day of my short

life brings me deeper and deeper in debt to grace, as well as nearer and nearer to eternity. And when I realize the abounding mercy of God, and contrast my situation with that of many with whom I am acquainted, I feel like humbling myself before God in gratitude for all; yea, even for my afflictions; for although I cannot as yet fully comprehend their design, or trace the immediate connection between them and the intended benefit, yet I have no doubt they will promote my greatest good, if "by patient continuance in well doing, I seek for glory, and honour, and immortality, and eternal life."

Monday, April 21st. My father being ill, our neighbour, the Rev. Mr. Tompkins, kindly called in to see us. His prayer was warm and fervent, and my heart was soft, penitent, and grateful, when he prayed that we might contrast our situation with that of the poor heathen who know not God and who hear not his gospel. Though we are afflicted we have the blessings of a bountiful Providence, and above all the inestimable felicity of peace with God here, and the promise of eternal life hereafter. What more can we ask?

Sunday, 27th. Have spent most of the day alone, searching the Scriptures, reading the life of Dr. Clarke, and supplicating the throne of grace for myself and others. But in the midst of all, I have been troubled with a wandering mind. What are all my works till thou, O God, thy quickening Spirit give? O come and *fix* my heart on things above!

In reading the life of Dr. C. I met with the following sentiment which exactly accords with my own views and feelings:—"I have never fallen out with life, but have often fallen out with myself, because I have spent it no better: to remedy this, I should be glad, with my present experience, to live life over again. I do not admire the thought that,

> 'Life does not more time supply
> Than just to look about and die.'

This sentiment, practically regarded, would be the creed of the sluggard and the coward. No: there is in life much to be done, much to be learned, and much to be suffered: we should live in time in reference to eternity. This I know, God's mercy has had a great deal to do to bring us thus far: it will have more to do to bring us to the verge of the eternal world: and it will have most of all to do to bring us to glory,"—Vol. iii, p. 218.

May 15th. There fell such a depth of snow last night, that I have seen two sleighs go past this morning; and the whistling of the north-west wind sounds more like January than May. My sister has just brought in a piece of ice nearly an inch thick, and the lilac before my window, which looked so fresh a few days since, really presents a sorrowful aspect. By the one I am reminded of my own frailty; and by the other of the cold hand of death. But my trust is in the living God.

> "Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
> If firm the word of God remains."

June 9th. We have omitted holding the anniversary of our female missionary society till to-day, in order to obtain an address from the Rev. brother Seys, missionary at Oneida. He came with brother G. White and six of our native brethren, all of whom I was truly glad to see. Sister Spaulding, who has been the teacher of the Schuyler party, came also, accompanied by three sisters from the York Mills, whose hearts are glowing with the missionary flame, and who are anxious to be employed in some way in promoting the salvation of the world. One of them, sister Jane Loyd, thinks of going the coming autumn to Africa in company with brother Seys and family.* God of love, spare their useful lives, and prepare them for the great work before them; and may many a poor African, snatched by their instrumentality from ignorance, wretchedness, and ruin, rise up at the last day and call them blessed!

While all were gone to the missionary meeting, and as I was resting myself upon my bed, and meditating on the glorious cause, my soul was so exceedingly elevated and blest that I could not refrain from glorifying God with a loud voice. The meeting, I was told, was quite interesting. After the address by brother S., two of the natives spoke with great simpli-

* She went, and fell a victim to the African fever. Though of humble parentage and possessed of few personal or intellectual accomplishments, yet she was deeply pious, and doubtless now shines among stars of the first magnitude in the kingdom of God.—Ed.

city and force, when a third, formerly my pupil, closed with prayer in his own tongue. All took dinner and tea with us; after which brother Seys made a most tender and appropriate prayer, commending us to God and the word of his grace. We then separated with the expectation that few, if any, of us would meet again on this side of the heavenly world. A large number of our red brethren are about to emigrate to Green Bay: among them is John Cornelius, a local preacher, who has just taken his leave. May he preach the blessed gospel to thousands of his brethren in the far west, who now sit in darkness; and may I long remember his last request—"Pray for me when I am there!" Farewell, my red brethren, affectionately farewell, till we all meet in heaven!

June 23d. Mr. Freeman Judd, of Northeast, Pa., and cousin to my father, spent the sabbath with us. Though a useful man he is really an oddity. When living in Connecticut, and in his wild career, he climbed the lightning rod attached to the meeting-house steeple and wedged the vane, alleging that he wanted fair weather during the approaching election! I have heard him say that he used to get out of his chamber window on stilts sixteen feet high, and walk around the streets; and that, while thus elevated, he once looked in at the gallery windows in time of worship!* But though still characteristically quaint, he is indeed "a new crea-

* These stilts, I have heard it said, are now in the New-York Museum.—Ed.

ture." And as he was a revolutionary soldier, so now is he the bold soldier of the cross. For a man of his age, being now seventy-eight, his memory is remarkable, enabling him to repeat most of the New Testament with surprising accuracy. Yesterday he preached in our place to the admiration of a large congregation. I found his company profitable, and under his exhortations and prayers was almost led to hope for the restoration of my health!

July 26th. Have rode out a little distance every day for five days past, and to-day have rode about two miles. I feel no more fatigued than would be naturally expected, confined as I have been to my room for fifteen months. I have not felt so comfortable at any time within the last year and a half, as I have during the last two weeks. Surely unto God belongs the glory, while much subordinate praise is due to my worthy physicians, Doctors Green and Colwell, whose faithful services I shall long hold in grateful remembrance. Were it not for the blessing of God on their endeavours to raise a poor worm, I should probably, long ere this, have been numbered with the pale tenants of the tomb. And though I am not well, being able to sit up only a part of the day, yet my health is moderately improving, and there is reason to hope for still further improvement. But I fear I shall not live answerably to the mercies received. If I am permitted to visit among my friends, I see a field of usefulness before me. But, Lord of health and usefulness,

who is sufficient for these things? The cross *must* be borne or condemnation will follow. Of this I am loudly admonished by my own past experience. And shall I prove a coward, or turn a traitor? Heaven forbid! I would rather fearlessly own that Name, "which is above every name," and which to me is more precious than rubies. O for wisdom to direct and grace to support me in the way of duty!

Aug. 30th. I have once more been able to call on some of my old friends, as well as to visit my sisters at their pleasant homes; a blessing which, a few months since, I hardly expected ever again to enjoy. I have also been able to call upon a few sick persons, in whose cases I recognize a mirror into which I cannot look without profitable reflections. Taught by long and painful experience to sympathize with them, may I be enabled to commend them to the "Hope of Israel and the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble." O there is a "better country" than this, "even a heavenly:"

> "No chilling winds nor pois'nous breath
> Can reach that healthful shore;
> Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and fear'd no more."

Oct. 21st. Have been to Waterville, where I called on Dr. G. and paid him the balance due for his professional services. And now, strictly speaking, I am indebted to no person; owing nothing but love and good will to human kind. I do not, however, forget that I am

so deeply in debt to grace that I have no hope of discharging the amazing sum.

26th. Kept from the house of God by reason of stormy weather, but have not forgotten that it is the sabbath, and that they who worship God must do it in spirit and in truth. I have this day finished reading my Bible through by course, pursuant to resolution formed the first day of the present year. I bless God that I feel an increasing attachment to his precious word, and more than ever realize that, so far from being a mere dead letter, it is spirit and life. O God, "sanctify me through thy truth," and perfect the work of grace in my poor heart!

Sunday, Nov. 2d. Have had many temptations and hard conflicts, and am convinced I need more religion. But notwithstanding all my unworthiness, I have found comfort in reading the word of God in secret on my knees, and in praying for an increase of faith. Last night I dreamed of hearing L. D. preach, and describe the death-bed of the saint, and so deep was the impression made on my mind that I was happy when I awoke. I cannot assent to the position that

> "Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
> When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes."

How much more evangelical the sentiments of the Night Thoughts:

> "For human weal Heaven husbands all events,
> Dull sleep instructs, nor sport dull dreams in vain."

Yes, even in dreams and visions of the night God opens the ears of man, and sealeth to him

instruction. Job xxxiii, 16. So the good Lord often communicates himself to me in the night watches. Any way, O thou supreme delight of my soul, only so speak that thy unworthy handmaid may hear and understand.

Heard brother Roper preach a blessed sermon to-day on Isa. ii, 5. He was much affected, and I deeply felt the force of gospel truth.

Friday 28th. My cough has returned in consequence of a violent cold; so that I have felt quite poorly for several days. But I have no reason to complain. It is a great mercy that I have enjoyed so many blessings, and that I am not now wholly confined to my bed. But it is a still greater mercy that I am permitted to feel that God is mine and I am his, and that his precious cause lies very near my heart. I can neither forget the missionary of the cross, nor those native brethren and sisters who have said, "Pray for us and our children." Often in my sleep do I seem to be teaching them, and labouring to do them good. Certain I am that, had I health, nothing would give me higher satisfaction than to be employed among them; but God does all things well.

Sunday, April 5, 1835. Brother Roper preached to-day on Gal. vi, 9, "And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." I sat under the word with great profit and delight. In class we had a comforting season. Three young converts joined society, and one by certificate. There are now only two members in society

who belonged when I joined. Some have removed, a few have backslidden, and others have joined the church triumphant. I have been looking back to the time of my espousals to Christ and union with his people; and I bless God for his guiding, protecting, and supporting grace, by which I have been so far kept from falling into sin as to retain my standing in the church; still enjoying peace with Heaven and fellowship with the saints. * * * Since tea I have noticed an occurrence which I do not recollect ever before to have witnessed, namely, heavy thunder and sharp lightning amidst a shower of falling snow.

June 5th. Have just read in the Western Christian Advocate an account of the death of sister L. Woods, formerly Louisa Willard. She died April 20, 1835, at Madison station, Ill., (of which her husband had charge,) leaving a little daughter not quite a year old. Though death came upon her like a thief in the night, she was fully prepared, having previously experienced the great blessing of perfect love. As she was one of the number who listened to the reading of the novel, mentioned in chapter viii, her death brought many past occurrences into most vivid and affecting recollection. But my heart rejoices, that she has, after all, been saved by grace, and has, no doubt, safely arrived in heaven. May I meet her there when my pilgrimage shall end!

July 9th. I have been able, through the mercy of God, to attend the camp meeting,

which, during the week past, has been held two or three miles north of our residence. The last day, especially, was a good one to my soul. We had a profitable love-feast, and my heart was made soft while I approached the table of the Lord. It was sweet to hold communion with the God of love, and to enjoy the fellowship of his saints. Brother Bowen, our presiding elder, appeared to be in his element, while with tears in his eyes he exclaimed, "Glory to God"—"God is love." My whole soul joined in the sentiment. Believers were sanctified, and sinners justified, but how many I cannot say. At this meeting I saw some of my former friends, whom I had not seen for years; some of whom seemed ripe for heaven: I would particularly name father Nichols.* I also saw some of my red brethren, and some of the very interesting children that belonged to my school, whom I had not seen since I left the mission; and it affords me much consolation to know that the pious part of them are still urging their way to heaven. A most melancholy casualty occurred at the close of our meeting. As Mrs. Gilbert, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and her daughter were descending the hill about one mile distant from the camp-ground, their horse took fright and

* Howe Nichols, of Sauquoit. Soon after the date of the above entry he fell asleep in Christ, full of years, and ripe for heaven. Many years will probably elapse before he will be forgotten in the place of his residence. As a steward and a leader he was one of the best.—Ed.

ran, throwing both with dreadful violence to the ground. The mother was killed instantly; the daughter, though seriously injured, it is thought will recover. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

July 31st. I have been very much tried with myself for several days past, in view of the little progress I am making in the Christian journey, especially when I see how far the young converts outstrip me: indeed, I ought to be ashamed, and to humble myself as in the dust before God. Holiness of heart and life appears to be the theme not only of some of our elder brethren, but even of those who have quite recently passed from death unto life. Some profess to have experienced the great blessing of perfect love, and others appear to be groaning after it: would that it prevailed generally throughout our church! Last night we had what some would call "an old-fashioned prayer meeting." God was in the midst of his people of a truth, and one precious soul at least was translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. Hallelujah to God and the Lamb!

Aug. 10th. To-day all my father's family, with the exception of a few grand-children, met at brother Irish's, where brother and sister Gilmore gave us the parting hand, designing to remove to West Bloomfield, having sold their possessions here and made a purchase there: so that we must be separated. Probably we

shall not all meet again till we are assembled before the bar of final retribution: and yet some of us, it is to be feared, are not prepared for the scrutiny of that day. Solemn thought! My father prayed most earnestly that we might all meet in heaven. Gracious Redeemer, answer our supplications, and may we make "a family in heaven!" One year ago the first of last January I commenced praying *particularly* for my brother W., and my brother-in-law G.; and though I have remembered them at the throne of grace every day since, and yet see no more signs of their conversion to God than at first, still will I continue my intercessions. O God, I would renew my covenant with thee this evening, still hoping that prayer offered in the name of Christ will prevail!

On my return home I attended the funeral of a little boy aged twelve years. One week yesterday he was a promising scholar in the Sunday school: but to-day he sleeps in the grave!

12th. Attended the funeral of Mr. Alexander. On Monday he was taken with bleeding at the nose, and died the same night, doubtless from loss of blood. Thus passeth away the glory of this world!

Sunday, Aug. 23d. Went with my sister M. to Sauquoit, where I heard brother W. preach two sermons, I trust with some profit. During the intermission I walked in the grave-yard, where I found sister Nichols returning from a newly made grave, and found, on inquiry, that her beloved Benjamin had been interred there

but a few days before. All however was well, for he died in peace. "So sleep the dead!" Of many of my former friends all that is now visible is their tomb-stone. Well, I shall soon join them. Took tea (or rather *water*, not having practised tea-drinking for the last ten years) with brother Elijah Davis, called on brother and sister Graves, and on my way home stopped to see and comfort a palsied old lady, Mrs. N. I felt myself comforted while repeating to her the precious promises of the gospel; and O that she may lay hold on them by faith!

31st. Still will I suffer and submit. I have been making calculations to accompany my brother and sister Irish on a visit to Rhode Island. My physician advised the journey, and I saw nothing to hinder it; though it has been my prayer that, if it were not best for me to go, my way might be hedged up.

Sept. 4th. My afflictions remain, but I bless God my soul is happy. In prayer meeting last evening my joys were unspeakable, while my evidence of acceptance with God was as clear as the noon-day sun; and to-day all is calm, and joy, and peace, and heaven. I have just returned from visiting a poor man who came with his wife on a visit to our neighbourhood, and was soon after attacked with a violent fever. He had been much deranged, but was quite rational when I called, and seemed much pleased to have me converse with him. He confessed himself a backslider, but thought he should live the life of a true disciple should the Lord spare

him. "O," said he, "I would give thousands of worlds, if I had them at command, were I as good a Christian as I believe some to be." He has since both recovered and found peace to his soul. Glory be to God for his abounding mercy!

17th. My health is evidently on the decline, and I am able to sit up only a part of the day. I have chills and some fever; my rest is much disturbed; and my appetite fails. But O heaven! sweet heaven! not a pain can enter there. I feel that as my afflictions increase my joys in Christ proportionably abound: and as I cannot go to meeting, I bless God that I can find him at home. Yes, he is everywhere. O thou omnipresent God, shine forth; shine into my poor heart;

> "Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
> The pledge of love for ever there."

Oct. 6th. Still failing. Some of the time I have felt to mourn because I was so stupid, and could realize no more of the divine presence. Still my peace has remained undisturbed, and within a few days God has been preparing me for a heavy trial by imparting more fully the enjoyment of his love.

On Saturday last my dear father was taken very ill, and continuing so on sabbath, we sent for a physician. Every thing was done that experience and skill could suggest, but apparently to no purpose. He continues to fail, and I have my fears that his time with us is short. Still I must pray, that if consistent

with the divine will, he may be spared yet another and another year.

The day he was taken sick he remarked to me, that we "had got almost to the end of the road;" and then spoke with much feeling of the remarkable health he had enjoyed for the last two or three years. "But," said he, "we have got almost through, whether in the right road or not." My heart was too full for utterance, though I felt that *I* enjoyed "the witness of the Spirit," and had no doubt that *he* was travelling toward the celestial city.

Saturday, 10th. Alas, my fears respecting my dear father have been realized! He continued to fail, and on Wednesday morning we sent to Waterville for Dr. Colwell to come and counsel with the attending physician. But science, and skill, and friendship, were unavailing. All was done that man could do, but all could accomplish nothing against the irrevocable mandate of Heaven. About ten in the evening I arose and approached his bed-side, and what a mercy that I could even do this! I said, "Father, do you know me?" "Lucy," he replied more audibly than he had done for hours, "yes." I continued, "Do you feel as if you had got almost home?" He replied, "Yes." I said, "I am close behind, and so are the rest of us." He said, "Yes," faintly, and then fell asleep. The physician soon awoke him, and made every effort to dislodge the phlegm which was evidently accumulating in the throat, and on the vital organs; but though he partially

succeeded, yet my dear parent continued to sink into the cold embraces of "the last enemy."

As the weather had been rainy, few of the brethren knew that he was sick, and those that did know it were not particularly alarmed, as he frequently had ill turns. Hence few were present besides the physician, who was a pious, good man. I asked the doctor and some of the family to join in singing some of my father's favourite hymns. Accordingly we sung, "Jesus my all to heaven is gone"—"And let this feeble body fail"—and some others. O what a heavenly scene! who can describe it? Surely it will be faintly done by me. His countenance was placid and serene. He looked at us very wishfully, and seemed to exert all his strength to speak to us—but in vain. We gazed upon him with unutterable emotion, and yet were able to sing,—

"I suffer on my threescore years
Till my Deliverer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home."

It seemed to me that I could almost hear him say, "I'm glad 'tis so; go on, and soon you'll meet me there." The glory of God appeared to fill the house, and with calm resignation, though in broken accents, we again sung,—

"Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away:
But let us find them all again
In that eternal day."

His breath grew shorter and shorter, and

without moving a limb, or heaving a sigh, or uttering a groan, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Thursday about six o'clock in the morning, October 8, 1835, aged seventy-one years, seven months, and fifteen days. After his eyes were closed, and his remains put in a proper posture, our kind physician commended us to God and the word of his grace in a most tender and appropriate prayer. The funeral was attended by a large congregation at the Episcopal church, and the sermon preached by the Rev. Wm. N. Pearne, on Psa. xc, 12, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." I was so feeble that I had scarcely expected to hear the sermon; but this precious promise was verified: "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be."

Oct. 19th. My health is a little improved, and I have often been astonished at the goodness of God in comforting, strengthening, and supporting us during the week past. My dear mother's health has not been as good in a long time; and dear sister Melinda, who was well nigh worn down with care and fatigue, is still wonderfully supported. We do, indeed, greatly miss our dear parent and head, especially when we come around the family altar: but God is there. And when we come to the table, his blessing is as graciously vouchsafed as humbly solicited. Nor do we feel that loneliness which we rather painfully anticipated. But as all is of grace, so to God belongs all the glory.

Sunday evening, Oct. 25th. Last Thursday I felt uncommonly dull in mind, and was much distressed in body. It seemed as though I had a weight attached to both, and was sometimes tempted to think it would do no good to pray. But though to human reason it might seem probable enough that *such* prayers as *mine* could be productive of no special benefit, I did not listen to the adversary. And, as God looketh at the heart, he knew the object at which I was aiming, namely, his glory and my own salvation. Blessed be his name, he appeared for the relief, in some good degree at least, of both soul and body; so that I was the better prepared to enjoy the society of Rev. brother Adams, who put up with us during the night. His conversation was edifying, and his prayers consoling. What a tender chord is made to vibrate when a friend from abroad, unacquainted with our irreparable loss, calls and asks for my dear departed parent! This has occurred three times to-day.

The weather being fine, I have been permitted to mingle this day once more with the saints of the Most High in the place of his holiness. "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thine house, the place where thine honour dwelleth."

This evening I spend alone, mother and sister having gone to prayer meeting; and yet not alone, for my Saviour is with me. I never wish to detain any one from the house of worship for mere company's sake, if I am able to take care of myself. Indeed, I am so far from feeling gloomy or lonesome under such circum-

stances, that I often remain alone from choice. And I have recently thought that if the loss of a friend is ever compensated by the more full and abundant enjoyment of the divine presence, I have had the proof of it in my own experience.

Tuesday evening, Oct. 29th. Called at Dr. Larrabee's to-day, and spent an hour or two in profitable conversation with Mrs. L. She related some of her early experience in the things of religion; but what is still better, she *now* enjoys the love of God, and appears to be thirsting after more. The doctor, she says, has been much more engaged in prayer since the death of my father. O God, wake up thy people in all our churches, "and keep them still awake;" so that the times of refreshing may speedily come from thy blessed presence! I am admonished by every day's observation of the necessity of being a whole-hearted Christian; and yet, alas, how many blanks and vacancies occur in the pages of my past history! So conscious am I of my imperfections, that I am sometimes led to ask myself whether I am not a hinderance to others in seeking salvation. God of infinite wisdom, thou knowest! "Search me, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." I am not conscious, however, of doing any thing *wilfully* to dishonour the cause of God; and yet, alas, how little do I do to promote it! I now solemnly resolve in the strength of the Lord to be more faithful. I have had a very solemn

time in prayer, and my soul has been deeply humbled within, while I have felt that God was all around me.

Nov. 15th. As the duty of leading in family worship has chiefly devolved on me since the death of my dear father, I have been sorely tempted to omit it, especially when persons are present who do not profess religion. But in the strength of grace I have resolved to go forward in the way of duty. Ah, how could we live without a family altar, considering the trials and afflictions to which we are constantly exposed! And in the use of this blessed means of grace how often are we fed and refreshed! I trust, indeed, that the domestic altar long since erected in this consecrated habitation will never be neglected so long as the name of *Richards* is associated with it. Lord, strengthen my feeble lungs, and help me, in unison with our little domestic band, to pray, and praise, and bear the daily cross, till permitted to join the pure and perfect company before thy throne!

Sunday evening, Nov. 29th. Blessed be God for all his mercies! They are exceedingly manifold, new every morning and fresh every evening. Last week that dear servant of God, the Rev. E. Bowen, with his wife, visited us. The topics of conversation were such as became candidates for immortality, and I felt myself divinely comforted and blest. But after they were gone I was sorely tempted on account of a brief memoir I had furnished of

my dear departed parent. At the request of brother B. I had drawn up such a memoir, expecting he would make such an extract from it as would be suitable for publication: but he had forwarded the whole, to which I thoughtlessly gave consent. I knew it was too long for the columns of the Christian Advocate and Journal,* and, upon further reflection, was afraid the editors would think I had taken unwarrantable liberty. But in submitting all to Christ, I found sweet consolation.

Last night brother Goodrich, one of the preachers on our circuit, put up with us. He is a praying man, and enjoys, I believe, the blessing of perfect love. To-day he preached in the demonstration of the Spirit, on Psalm xviii, 3,—"I will call upon the Lord, who is worthy to be praised: so shall I be saved from mine enemies." I still feel that God is my portion and exceeding great reward. Hallelujah to his name! Amen and amen.

Thursday evening, Dec. 31st, 1835. My mind is exceedingly solemn, as I have been reflecting on the variegated scenes of the year now near its close. I have suffered much pain, and have seemingly been near the grave; and then again, as it were, thrust back to life. Still I am not free from a measure of bodily suffering, and probably never shall be till mortality is swallowed up of life. But how does the prospect of an "eternal *weight* of glory" *outweigh* all "these *light* afflictions!"

* Published in the Christian Advocate for Dec. 11, 1835.

March 20th, 1836. We have had so many changes in the weather, that my feeble frame has suffered much within the last two or three weeks. My cough is troublesome, and my health is evidently failing. Still I can say, "The Lord doeth all things well." On him alone I depend for present and future salvation. Yes, he is my all, in all things, and beneath his cross I find consolation and safety. Hold out then, my soul, a little longer. These chilling winds and painful seasons will end by and by. The time of deliverance is at hand. "He that shall come will come, and will not tarry." Heaven, with all its glories, will soon be thine. Then I shall no more be separated from the society I so much love, but enjoy it for ever!

"Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare."

April 8th. I am gradually wasting away. It will soon be said, "She is gone." We had some serious talk respecting it last evening: mother and sister think they will be very lonesome. No doubt they will. Help them, O Lord, to lean upon thine almighty arm for support, and to claim thy precious promises, and then all will be well. My mind is undisturbed in regard to the future: I feel a firm, unwavering confidence in Christ my Redeemer. In his hands I am safe.

Among others who have been to visit me, I have been exceedingly pleased to see some of

my Indian friends from the Oneida. The name of Jesus is still precious to them. How sweet their singing, how sympathizing their prayers, and how grateful the remembrance of those tears they shed when fervently interceding for their sick teacher! Ay, and what a heavenly smile sat upon their countenances when, on giving the parting hand, I reminded them that we should meet in heaven!

Lord, make me useful even now upon this bed of sickness. Help me to exemplify the meekness, and constancy, and patience, and submission, of thy holy religion! Teach me how to speak a word in season to those who call to see me, and kindly offer to aid in taking care of me. I have many friends, (do not know indeed that I have an enemy on earth,) and their kindness often melts my heart. But what have I that I have not received? Nothing, absolutely nothing. All that I am, and have, and enjoy, is of grace, through the atoning blood of the Lamb.

21st. Not a moment's cessation from pain, though sometimes not in quite so much distress, which is matter of thankfulness. Feeble as I am I can get off my bed and sit up a little, while some of my acquaintance cannot even turn themselves. Surely the Lord dealeth bountifully with me. Sometimes my soul is inexpressibly happy. I have never as yet been forsaken of God. I feel that my foundation standeth sure. Rejoice, O my soul! These clogs of clay cannot always hold thee a prisoner

here. Thou shalt soon burst every restraint, and soar away to the bosom of thy God. And yet I have no anxiety to go or stay. With this I have nothing to do. The will of God is *my* will.

Saturday, May 7th. The weather has been remarkably pleasant for several days past: to-day it has been showery. In one of these showers the funeral procession, with the remains of the widow Schofield, aged seventy-two, and member of the Presbyterian Church, passed. My mind was deeply solemn, when I reflected that probably my mortal remains would next be conveyed to the silent mansions of the dead. And yet there were many pleasing reflections connected with the probable fact, such as the thought of being for ever at rest, acquiring a state of perfection unattainable in the present life, association with the wisest and purest beings in the whole universe, and, above all, the enjoyment of God's immediate presence: and all this in consequence of the sufferings, death, resurrection, and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ.

16th. Through the tender mercy of God, though very feeble, I still live. My soul enjoys solid peace and happiness, and when the enemy tells me, I shall never reach the heavenly inheritance, I tell him, "he is a liar, and the father of lies:" for God has promised to guide me by his counsel, and afterward to receive me to glory—if I do but "endure as seeing Him who is invisible." And surely I

have no disposition to turn back again, now that I am so near the goal.

25th. I am reduced almost to a skeleton, and yet the Lord gives me strength to get up and down alone. Although it has long been anticipated, yet I have just experienced a very sore trial. My brother-in-law Irish, having sold out here, and purchased at Wesleyville, Erie co., Pennsylvania, and having spent several days with his wife and children in our family, this morning bade us "farewell!" The parting was most tender; for we expect never to meet again on earth. But our tears were mingled with thrilling hopes; hopes of meeting where sighing and sorrow will be done away. My soul is still kept in perfect peace.

27th. I cannot forget the parting scene alluded to above. When brother and sister G. left, we had a dear father to commend us to God. Now this duty devolved on brother Irish, who prayed much to our edification and comfort. But, ah, the last, the sweet, the kind, the fond embrace of my dear sister E! It seemed as if she would almost kiss my spirit away, while tears of mingled emotion covered my poor, emaciated face. Still our anticipations were blissful. To-day my soul has been filled "unutterably full of glory and of God."

June 11th. My health continues to fail, so that it is with the utmost difficulty that I get up and down without help. But,—GOD IS LOVE. Much of the time my soul is triumphantly happy, while not a cloud intervenes between me

and the heavenly world. Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

Dear sister S. Bushnell has spent several days with us. O how sweet her company, her counsels, and her prayers! Lord God of Israel, send with her, wherever she goes, the Angel of thy presence! We have had much good company, but I am too much fatigued to write more.

July 1st. I still live to suffer and enjoy. For nearly three weeks I have been as helpless as a child, save only that I have the use of my hands. But God is with me in the furnace. All is peace, and calm, and joy, and heaven. Perhaps I shall never record more: but again I say,—"God is love;" and heaven is my inheritance, whither I am bound. O, hallelujah! Lord Jesus, give me a safe passage over Jordan: yea, Lord, I know thou wilt.

[The above entry, though perfectly legible, was evidently made with a tremulous hand In all probability it was, as the writer anticipated it would be, the last time she put pen to paper. —Ed.]

CHAPTER XVII.

ACCOUNT OF HER DEATH—BY HER SISTER.

My sister lived till September 10th, 1837, during all which time her sufferings continued to increase. She was never able to turn her-

self in bed, or bear her own weight; but though her sufferings were great, almost beyond description, she bore them to the last with exemplary patience. In the midst of all she was calm, resigned, and self-possessed: nay, more, she was joyful, she was triumphant.

Often did we hear her, in her severest sufferings, shout the praises of God. This indeed was a frequent thing. Scores, if not hundreds, who visited her during this part of her sickness, must have heard her glorify God with a loud voice.

Understanding that I was writing to my sister in Pennsylvania, she said, "Tell them I should be very glad to see them: however, I am resigned to the will of God, and often triumphantly happy in view of that rest that remains to the people of God, not having so much as a cloud to darken my sky."

She would often say, "The Lord does all things well. He knows when to give, and when to withhold. All things work together for good to them that love God. I feel that Jesus is my Redeemer and Saviour: I cast my all on him: in my greatest distress he appears to me 'the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely.'"

During the latter part of her sickness, her sufferings were evidently very great. Under these circumstances she would sometimes say, "I am so sick—so sick—what shall I do?" And then recollecting herself, would thank God it was so well with her, and that she was so

near the end of her journey. It was, indeed, often very distressing to be obliged to stand and look at her, when we could do nothing for her relief.

The Monday before her death, thinking it probable she would not live throughout the day, we sent to Utica for aunt H. When she arrived in the evening, Lucy not only seemed pleased to see her, but exceedingly happy in God. On Tuesday she continued to fail, and swallowed with the greatest difficulty; after which she was able to receive no further nourishment. On Wednesday morning a friend from Utica arrived, who said to her, "I have come to take care of you." After expressing her warmest gratitude, she said, "I have been sick so long I have almost worn our folks out; but I see the Lord still provides."

The funeral procession of Mrs. Selleck passed our dwelling on Thursday, when Lucy, being informed of it, said, "Well, Mrs. Selleck has gone a little before me." She had been able to converse but little for several days, and lay for the most part with her eyes closed. A number of friends called to see her, of whom she appeared to take very little notice. I asked her if she knew them? when she very distinctly said, "Yes." On my going to her bed, and turning her, she said, "I want to kiss you;" and, after doing so, continued, "I am afraid I shall wear you all out." As our friends stood around the bed, she looked at them and said, "Are you going?" Being told they were, she

addressed them: "Be faithful to God—trust in him." Cousin said to her, "Do you feel that God is near, and that you will soon know what the joys of heaven are?" She replied, "Yes; soon, very soon they will be mine: glory, glory, praise the Lord; he is worthy to be praised." Another friend asked her, "Do you know me?" "Yes," was her reply, "I know you all, and all that is said. May we all be prepared to meet in heaven, that blessed place. My soul is happy: it loves God: it adores him. I shall soon be with my Saviour, and with angels, and with the spirits of the just made perfect." Then raising both hands, she said, "Glory, glory, glory: praise the Lord: hallelujah!" A few hours after, in answer to some friends who called to see her, and who remarked to her, "You have got almost home," she replied, "I have nothing to fear—I have nothing to fear."

Contrary to all our expectations she survived till the next sabbath. On Friday she inquired, "Is Edna coming home?" I replied, "We have sent for her: do you wish to see her?" "Yes," was her answer, "if it is the will of God." When my sister arrived at evening, she said, "O, I did not expect to see you again, but the Lord has spared me once more to meet you. And here are your dear little boys: they have come to see their poor aunt Lucy again: she will soon be gone." To attempt any further description of her bodily sufferings would be useless: they were, indeed, indescribable. But faith, no less than reason, was triumphant to

the last moment. To use one of her own favourite expressions, "All was peace, and calm, and joy, and heaven." She recognised her friends when they came in, and tenderly referred them to the felicities of an eternal union. Among those who visited her during her last hours were several Indian brethren from Oneida, including some who were once her scholars at that place.

She died without a struggle or a groan, on Sunday, September 10th, 1837, a quarter before six o'clock in the evening, aged about forty-five. Good woman! her sufferings are ended, and she is at rest. May we emulate her virtues, and prepare to join her in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUDING REFLECTIONS—BY THE EDITOR.

Of the general character of Miss Richards, an opinion sufficiently accurate will probably be formed from the preceding pages: I shall, therefore, close this little volume with a few practical reflections.

1. The memoir affords great encouragement to parental fidelity. The parents of Lucy early sought, and found an interest in the Saviour, themselves. Being thus convinced of the inestimable value and paramount importance of religion, they deemed it their solemn duty to

train up their little ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To spread before their infant minds the elementary truths of the Christian system, to instil its pure and lofty sentiments into their little hearts, and thus to guard them against the false maxims and destructive ways of a world lying in wickedness, were objects which they seem to have kept almost constantly in view.

Nor was their labour in vain in the Lord. Their children may have thought, at times, that their prohibitions were unreasonable, and their commands rigorous. Subsequent experience, however, fully convinced them that the domestic discipline, to whose wholesome restraints they had been obliged to submit, was as well the dictate of sound wisdom as of parental love and fidelity. It will have been seen in the preceding history how often Lucy speaks of her high obligations to her pious parents. But for them, she supposes it probable she might have lived without God, and died without hope.

Christian parent, behold your duty! God has placed under your guardianship those little immortals, and has solemnly commanded you to train them up in the way they should go. When you have fed and clothed their bodies, you have only *begun* to do your duty to them. They have minds to be enlightened, and hearts to be sanctified; and this work is, in a great measure, committed to your instrumentality. With respect to the great leading truths of the Holy Bible, it is said, "Thou shalt teach them dili-

gently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up," Deut. vi, 7. This duty cannot be devolved upon others. Others may aid you, but they cannot take *your* place. You may look upon sabbath schools, Bible classes, and the like, as auxiliaries, and thank God for their institution; but must never think of their superseding parental instruction and government. Whatever, therefore, may be your discouragements, you must labour on. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand. When you lie down in the silent grave, if not before, your children may remember your words, and turn to the Lord. At any rate, you will be clear; their blood will not be found in the skirts of your garments.

2. How amiable and attractive is filial affection! We see much to admire in the character of Lucy, but scarcely any other trait appears more prominent or more lovely than her profound veneration for her parents. In all matters that did not contravene the dictates of conscience, their will was her law. This love for their persons, and regard for their authority, are particularly observable after she was converted from the error of her ways. Nor did she feel at liberty to go contrary to their advice when no longer under their legal control. Believing them to be taught of God, she dared not even give herself up as a missionary till she had obtained their consent.

In all this she doubtless acted in accordance with the spirit of her religion. On scarcely any other point of morals do the inspired writers speak with more frequency, explicitness, and speciality. "Hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck." "Hearken unto thy father, and despise not thy mother when she is old." "Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right."

Some young people foolishly imagine, that to disregard the authority of their parents, and to set up their own opinions in opposition to theirs, evince great and honourable independence of mind. Hence, they obstinately walk in the ways of their own heart, and in the sight of their own eyes; thereby giving the most exquisite pain to the hearts of those who have nourished and brought them up, and to whose protection and care they are, under God, indebted for their very being. A strange sort of independence this! Such, indeed, as would befit the character of "Lucifer, son of the morning."

For a long time parents stand to their children in the place of God himself, and to disobey or lightly esteem the former, is highly offensive to the latter. Against scarcely any other specific case of moral aberration, indeed, does the Al-

mighty speak in terms of such fearful malediction. "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." Many who have come to an ignominious end have owned, sometimes under the gallows itself, that the wicked courses which brought them to it originated in habits of filial disobedience. To the young, then, we would say,—would you avoid a fate so dreadful; would you be saved from the reproaches of a wounded conscience, and from the frowns of offended Heaven; would you be preserved from the contempt of the wise, and secure the approbation of the good and virtuous? then scrupulously avoid every approach to the crime under consideration. "Honour thy father and mother, (which is the first commandment with promise,) that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth," Eph. vi, 2, 3.

3. We perceive in the preceding memoir something of the value and loveliness of early piety. The subject of it evinced, even in the days of her childhood, the possession of those feelings and propensities, which, had they been cherished and indulged, must not only have greatly diminished her happiness and usefulness, but ruined her soul for ever. And why did she not cherish and indulge them? Because she sought and found an interest in the Saviour: because she "put on the new man, which, after God, is created in righteousness and true holiness." The stream was sweetened at its very fountain-

head. The entire object and current of her affections were changed. By consequence, her whole character was now formed upon the model of a pure and benevolent religion. To love God with all her heart and her neighbour as herself became, at once, the study and labour of her life. She bore her daily cross, and followed the blessed Saviour. Like him, she went about doing good. Had her means and capabilities been equal to her purposes and desires, she would have alleviated the woes of her species, and restored every wanderer to the fold of God. How worthy such an example to be followed by all the youth of our land!

Youthful piety, though not so venerable as aged virtue, is certainly more attractive and lovely. To see good principles thoroughly governing the whole conduct; to see them prevail over all youthful levities and follies; to see passions, at a season of life when usually most ungovernable, subjected to reason and conscience; to see the spirit and vanities of the world despised and trampled under foot; to see constancy, uniformity, and steadiness, at a period when irresolution and the caprice of fancy are apt to prevail; to see persons yet in the bloom of life, with the sentiments of a virtuous old age,—is certainly a most delightful spectacle. It is, too, a spectacle most pleasing to Heaven. He has said in the most explicit terms, "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." To offer him the very buds of our being, and the flowers

of our opening intelligence, must be infinitely more acceptable to the divine Majesty than "all whole burnt-offerings."

Remember, then, now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. No words can describe the importance of beginning well. Upon our early habits often depend not only our respectability and usefulness in this life, but our eternal happiness in the world to come. As we *begin*, so are we exceedingly apt to *end* human life.

A doctrine very different from this, we are aware, may be taught some of our youthful readers. They may perhaps be told, that religion is not the proper concern for youth. Very possibly it will be insinuated, that the supreme Divinity does not concern himself with the actions of his creatures; or, if he does, that he is too good to resent their wicked conduct. They will be told, that all the stories of a future state and future punishment were invented for political purposes. It would not be wonderful should they be advised, that the whole system of revealed religion is the mere offspring of priestcraft, and that great minds acknowledge no other religion than that of nature. Examples of prosperous wickedness may be set before them, and they be called upon to observe how those have succeeded in the world who profess not to have the fear of God before their eyes. In this degenerate age, many false maxims may be advanced, many audacious principles advocated, many libertine sentiments propagated, many indecent reflections cast upon sacred

things, and very possibly, many blasphemies uttered against the religion and the name of Christ. But let none of these things move you. Do you resolve, through that gracious assistance which God has been pleased to afford, that, however others may choose to think and act, you will be a disciple of the Saviour. Now, in the morning of life, cultivate the fear, and devote yourself to the service, of the Most High. Study to know the whole extent of your duty, and, knowing the will of your moral Governor, conform to it unfeignedly and without delay. To say nothing of higher considerations, the good name of Lucy Richards would be worth more to you than all the wealth of Crœsus.

4. The history of Miss Richards furnishes most conclusive evidence of the supporting power of the Christian faith. Bodily suffering, particularly after she reached the years of womanhood, was her almost unvarying portion. Not only was her nervous system peculiarly delicate and excitable, but her pulmonary organs were doubtless constitutionally diseased. Consequently a day seldom passed during which she did not experience more or less physical suffering. At times, her frail body was almost literally agonized. Indeed, long confined to her bed, and under the influence of complicated disease, she suffered more than can well be imagined.

But amidst all, and through all, the spirit was triumphant. Not a word of complaint did

she utter. She emphatically possessed her soul in patience. Nay, more, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory. When interrogated as to the state of her health, her usual reply was, "The Lord deals with me very gently: I ought to be thankful for his kindness." However exquisite or protracted her sufferings, her equanimity remained undisturbed.

Now we have no hesitancy in saying, that all this was the result of her strong and truly evangelical faith. She endured, as seeing Him that is invisible. Her faith was the grand sustaining instrument. It was this that took fast hold on the promises of God. Her language was, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Like the father of the faithful, "she was strong in faith, giving glory to God." Even in the near approach of death, faith seemed to take a still more elevated position, and to exert a still more commanding influence. As from Pisgah's top, she seemed to look over the Jordan of death into the heavenly country, where

> "Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
> Are felt and fear'd no more."

Such is the sustaining power of an evangelical faith. It was this that supported Miss Richards, and it is this that will support all the sons and daughters of affliction. It has lost none of its power. It will again "subdue kingdoms, work righteousness, obtain promises, stop the mouths of lions, quench the violence of fire, turn away the edge of the sword, out of

weakness make strong, wax valiant in fight, and turn to flight the armies of the aliens." Nothing can stand before it. Even the last enemy will quail in its presence.

"'Tis faith disarms destruction, and absolves
From every clamorous charge the guiltless tomb."

Thus were the primitive saints sustained and comforted. The man after God's own heart says, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous; yea, our God is merciful. I was brought low, and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." When the great apostle of the Gentiles was deeply afflicted in body, he went to the throne of the heavenly grace, and the answer he received was, "My grace is sufficient for thee; my strength is made perfect in weakness." Sustained by this faith, the ancient martyrs were serene and triumphant, the accents of hope and of joy vibrated on their stiffening tongues, and fell with heavenly sweetness from their pale and quivering lips.

O ye sons and daughters of sorrow and distress, here is comfort for you! God himself

says, " When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee; for I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour." It is tranquillizing and sweet to have a beloved friend near when our sorrows are multiplied upon us; but what is the presence of the dearest earthly friend when compared with the presence of a sympathizing God? This of all consolations is the most cheering, of all blessings the most to be desired. It defends us more effectually than twelve legions of angels could do it, and imparts greater comfort to the soul than all the inhabitants of heaven and earth could give, though they were all to unite their efforts to make us blessed. God is, indeed, " the hope of Israel, and the Saviour thereof in the times of trouble." Seek his face and favour, and you will not only be comforted, and supported, and blest, amidst the sorrows of the present life, but when you come to lie down in death, it will be yours to adopt the language of Wesley under similar circumstances—"THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD IS WITH US."

THE END.

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